

LITTLE BUSINESS WAS TRANSACTED

At Meeting of the Board of County Commissioners Which Was Held Monday.

SPECIAL MEETING THURSDAY

County Attorney Will. be Selected Then.—Several Active Candidates.—Others Willing to Serve.

The county commissioners held their regular monthly meeting at Brownstown Monday but aside from the allowance of the usual number of claims but little business was transacted.

A petition for a gravel road in Vernon Township was presented and Christopher Orr, Jonathan Kelley and Richard Wright were appointed viewers on a road in Grassy Fork Township which was petitioned for by Daniel Empson, et al. This is the same road for which petitions have been presented and acted upon several times during the past year.

It had been expected that the board would select a county attorney for the coming year, but the matter was not brought up. A special session will be held Thursday and it is the understanding a selection will be made then.

The question of who will get the plum is agitating the attorneys and Democratic politicians of the county considerably. There are several avowed candidates and others who while not active candidates are perfectly willing to take the job of dealing out advice to the commissioners and the county officers.

S. A. Barnes who holds the position at present would like to hold it another year and an endorsement of him has been signed by Judge Shea, all the county officers and deputies and the president of the county council. It is contended that he should hold the place until the court house improvements are completed, he having drawn the contracts for them. Ed Elsner, chairman of the Democratic county organization is backing Capt. Applewhite of Brownstown. Attorney Kochenour of the latter place would like to have the position, but it is now said he will not make an active fight for it unless Barnes is out of the race.

It is understood O. O. Swails has some very strong backing though he is not making a fight for the place.

A. C. Branaman is an applicant for the position and considers his chances good. F. W. Wesner has also been mentioned in connection with the office. There has been a large amount of wire pulling and political work going on in connection with the matter during the past few days not only by candidates but by others who are interested in the appointment.

Excellent Show.

At Dreamland last night Elbert Hubbard's historical Roman "Justina and Theodora" was greeted by a large and appreciative audience. This photoplay of this beautiful romance will long be remembered by those who saw it. The court scenes and acting were simply fine and did great credit to Mr. Hubbard and the Selig Photoplay Co.

A SEPARATE REMEDY FOR EACH ILL.

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ONLY EIGHT SALOONS

Could be Opened in Seymour if Proctor Bill is Passed.

If the Proctor restrictive and regulative liquor bill, the provisions of which have been agreed upon in the senate, becomes a law, Seymour will have not over eight saloons.

This would mean sore disappointment for some of the men who have been laying their plans to open saloons should the repeal of the county option law result in the city becoming wet. One of the important provisions of the proposed law is that the number of saloons in a community shall be limited to one for each 1000 population, though one is permitted for the first 500 or fraction thereof. The population of a city would be estimated by multiplying the number of votes cast for mayor at the preceding election by five. As 1545 votes were cast for mayor in Seymour last time the population of the city would be estimated at 7725 which would mean an opening for eight saloons. Before the city went dry there were over 20 saloons here and it is thought there is many men who have been figuring on engaging in business if the city becomes wet.

The county commissioners would have the right under the proposed law to determine who among the applicants should have the license. So the proper caper would be to snuggle up to the commissioners and get a seat among the favored few. Without the proper pull he would likely have a poor show for a license as the Board would be all powerful. As the possibilities of the proposed law have dawned upon the minds of men interested in the opening of the saloons, there has been some very vigorous language used. What is the use of a wet town if you can't have the privilege of running a saloon if you want to. The bill provides for a license of \$500 in cities and \$300 in incorporated town and townships which with the \$200 state license would make the saloon licenses \$700 and \$500. There are many other provisions in the bill but the above mentioned are receiving most attention. The commissioners would be given broad powers for revoking or suspending a license.

OFFICERS ELECTED FOR SEYMOUR IMPROVEMENT CO.

Newly Elected Directors Met Monday Afternoon to Perfect Organization.

The directors of the Seymour Improvement Company which recently purchased the Hotel Jonas building met Monday afternoon and elected the following officers:

President.....Dr. J. M. Shields
Vice President.....T. S. Blish
Secretary.....Clark Davis
Treasurer.....John W. Conner

The company will rent the building to the B. & O. S-W. railroad company who will occupy the first two floors with their offices of the Indiana division. The Improvement Company has been incorporated under the law of the state. Money subscribed for stock will be paid before March 1.

"Nancy"

The company under the direction of C. H. Kerr playing "Nancy" gave a fair performance at the Majestic. The play was that of two sisters, one earnest, loving and truthful, the other wayward and dishonest. Miss Daisy Cameron appeared in the role of "Nancy" who played the part of the simple and true daughter. A fair crowd was present to witness the performance.

Our 3 large window displays for real bargains and you will be convinced of the great savings we are offering you.

HOADLEY'S

HOSPITAL OPENS ABOUT MARCH 1.

Schneck Memorial Hospital Will Be Dedicated as Soon as the Furniture is Installed.

WORK ON BUILDING COMPLETED

Board Has Not Yet Closed a Contract For the Management of the Institution.

The construction work on the new Schneck Memorial Hospital has been completed and it will be opened for the reception of patients about March 1. The interior of the building has been finished in a splendid manner, and the rooms are decorated so that they will be as bright and cheerful as possible. The heating plant has been installed and tested and works satisfactorily. The plumbing is also completed and the fixtures placed in their positions. Provisions have been made for furnishing all the rooms which will be done by the various organizations in the city. The furniture which must be made especially for equipping hospitals has been ordered but none of it has arrived. It is expected that this will be shipped within a few days and it can be arranged in the various rooms as planned. It was thought that most of the furniture would be here some time ago, but the factory which is making it was unable to complete the order at the time expected. Care has been taken to select the furniture which is made especially for the different rooms and when the hospital is opened it will be one of the best equipped institutions of the kind in the state. It will not require but a short time to furnish the building when the furniture arrives. Part of the equipment for the operating room is already here and as soon as the rest of it comes the room will be arranged.

The hospital board has made no contract for the management of the hospital, although several persons are being considered. Just how many nurses will be employed here has not yet been definitely decided. It is believed, however, that the number should not be very large, at least for a time, as additional nurses can be secured from Indianapolis and Louisville at any time when they are needed.

The Ladies' Auxiliary will have charge of the dedicatory exercises. These will probably be held several days prior to the opening of the hospital, and several prominent speakers from out of the city will be engaged. A number of local people will also participate in the program. Definite arrangements for the dedicatory exercises will be completed later.

GEORGE BROCKER, BRAKEMAN, PAINFULLY INJURED IN FALL

Was Climbing to the Top of a Box Car When the Hand Hold Broke and He Fell to the Ground.

George Brocker, a brakeman on the B. & O. S-W., was painfully injured just before noon today while working with his train in the railroad yards at Storrs. He had started to climb to the top of a box car when the hand hold broke and he fell to the ground.

Mr. Brocker struck the cross ties in such a manner that his feet were badly bruised and he is unable to walk. Otherwise he was not seriously injured. The injured man was brought here this afternoon and taken to his home in a cab.

Watch Heideman's window for bargains.

The Odd Fellows will have six candidates for initiation tonight. Six candidates received the work last week.

DREAMLAND

DOUBLE SHOW

"Jean and The Waif" (Vitagraph Drama) "Will it Ever Come to This?" and "Easy Coin" (Lubin Comedy)

SPOT LIGHT SONG By Miss Lois Reynolds.

STILL HAS HIS DIAMOND

W. P. Masters Says If He Has Another He Wants It.

A story was published in one of the Indianapolis papers Monday of the arrest of a bell boy at the English Hotel for the theft of a \$400 diamond shirt stud from William P. Masters, of Seymour. The boy confessed to the theft and has been charged with grand larceny. Mr. Masters says that he has his diamond shirt stud and if there is another one belonging to him at Indianapolis he would like to have it.

In one of the papers Saturday it was stated that the diamond was stolen from a Mr. Masters of Shelbyville, and the error came through a confusion of names.

BIG DAMAGE SUIT FILED

Administrator Sues B. & O. S-W. Company for Death of L. A. Doss.

Suit for \$10,000 damages has been filed in the Clark Circuit Court at Jeffersonville by Henry T. Jones, administrator of the estate of Lee Allen Doss, against the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railroad Company. Doss was a trackman, and it is alleged he was struck by a train near Watson, Ind., January 15, sustaining injuries from which he died. It is charged that after he was hurt he was taken to New Albany where he was placed on a baggage truck and remained there from two to three hours without medical attention. He was then taken to Louisville, it is set forth and died there. It is alleged the death of Doss was caused solely by the carelessness and neglect of the defendant and its employees.

SPECIAL ELECTIONS

To Be Held This Month in Lawrence County to Settle Liquor Question

The passage of the new option law did not discourage the "drys" in Lawrence county and they are already in the fight to keep saloons out of the majority of the towns and townships of the county. Upon petitions filed by the "drys" the commissioners Monday ordered special liquor elections to be held Monday, February 27, in Bedford and Mitchell and in Shawswick, Guthrie, Marshall, Indian Creek, Bono and Spice Valley townships. In the majority of the townships, the number of names on the petitions was largely in excess of the number required. In some townships more than half the voters signed the petitions. Marion, Pleasant Run and Perry townships did not file petitions.

Must Carry School Children.

Thomas M. Honan, attorney-general, has delivered to Charles A. Great-house, state superintendent of public instruction, an opinion to the effect that township trustees, in transporting children from a school district where a school has been abandoned to another school, shall furnish transportation for all such pupils, save where they live within two miles of a school. It had become the practice in a number of townships for the trustees to refuse to transport pupils in families which had moved into the districts subsequent to the abandonment of a school.

Mort Crabb has sold his grocery on East Second street to Oscar Stearns of North Vernon and the latter is now in possession. Mr. Crabb will probably go on the road again soon.

After The Fire What?

There are two answers to that gruesome query. One speaks of total loss. Original investment gone, building and contents in ashes. A new start and many regrets.

THE OTHER "a fire insurance policy," under which the loss is promptly adjusted, and settlement made in cash without discount when money is most needed.

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FRED EVERBACK

AGENCY COMPANY

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RECEIVER NAMED FOR BENTON CO.

G. R. Benton, Formerly of Brownstown, Principal Owner of Company Backing Indianapolis Theatre.

UNABLE TO MEET OBLIGATIONS

Benton Became Manager of The Theatrical House After Selling Hotel Interests.

The George R. Benton Theatrical Company of Indianapolis, of which George R. Benton, formerly of Brownstown, is the principal owner, went into the hands of a receiver Monday afternoon. The company has been backing the stock company which has been playing at the Majestic Theatre in that city for several weeks. Phillip E. Brown is named as the receiver for the company. The receiver was named by an agreement between the parties concerned, and he will continue the theatre in operation for the remainder of the week.

The suit for a receiver was filed by Walter L. Benton, vice president of the defendant company. He alleges the company has many debts due at the present time and no money with which to meet the obligations. Creditors are said to be threatening to bring suit and have executions issued. This, the plaintiff says will result in a preference of creditors.

The company filed an answer, admitting the truth of the allegations concerning a receiver being necessary and Judge Remster of the Marion Circuit Court, appointed Brown. The bond was fixed at \$2,000. The plaintiff asks that the receiver be authorized to operate the theatre, to collect all the assets and sell them under order of court. The tangible assets consist of scenery and stage properties. Judge Remster, in appointing the receiver, found the company insolvent.

The statement was made Monday night that the suit was a result of the departure of George Arvine, formerly leading man of the company, several weeks ago. He is alleged to have been a partner in the concern and failed to stand his share of certain expenses created before severing his connection with the Bentons.

Mr. Arvine said he was never a partner with the Bentons in the real sense of a partnership. His agreement with them last year, when the season opened, he said, was that he was to put in his experience with the money of the Bentons, was to receive a salary and if the profits were above a certain figure he was then to receive a "commission" or share of the profits. The agreement was verbal, and there was nothing said at any time by which he could be held or charged with any of the debts, he said.

George R. Benton was formerly the proprietor of the New Linden Hotel in Indianapolis and conducted a successful house. After disposing of this property he organized the company under the name and leased the Majestic Theatre.

MEASURE INTRODUCED

In Indiana Legislature to Punish "Peeping Thomases."

Senator Wood has introduced a bill directed at "Peeping Thomases." It provides that it shall be a misdemeanor for any one to enter the enclosed or unenclosed premises of another for the purpose of peering, peeking or looking into the house through the windows or in other ways.

A penalty of not more than \$50, to which not more than 60 days' jail imprisonment may be added, is provided.

Under the present law "Peeping Toms," is prosecuted, must be proceeded against under the trespass statute.

The trespass statute, however, provides that a demand to leave the premises must be made and not complied with before the offender may be fined.

Complaints are made to the Seymour police occasionally that men are seen peeping in the windows of residences but usually they succeed in getting away before they are arrested. Only recently such a complaint was made and the three men suspected of the offense were given orders to leave the city immediately.

BASKET BALL GAME

Seymour High School Team Will Play North Vernon Friday.

What is expected to be the most interesting basket ball game played this year will take place Friday evening at the high school gymnasium when the Seymour High School team will meet North Vernon. Madison defeated the local boys by a small score last Friday and the same team won over North Vernon several weeks ago.

The manager of the Seymour team believes that the boys will be able to put up the best game they have played this season and the members of the high school are counting on a victory. Several other games will be played before the close of the season.

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NICKEL TONIGHT

DOUBLE SHOW

"Love's Awakening" (Essanay Drama) "An Animated Arm Chair" Pathe American Comedy "Cocanut Plantation" (Colored Scenic)

SONG—"Some of These Days"

Masonic Notice. Special meeting of Jackson Lodge, Wednesday evening, Feb. 8th at 7:30. Work in M. M. degree. f7d J. L. FORD, W. M.

RUSTIC

TWO GOOD ONES TWO GOOD ONES "Jane Eyre" (Thanhouser) "The Big Drum" (Comedy)

SONG—"Band, Band, Band" By Miss Day.

The Flag Paramount

By O. HENRY

(Copyright, by Ainslee Magazine Co.)



DOZEN quarts of champagne, in conjunction with an informal sitting of the president and his cabinet, led to the establishment of the navy and the appointment of Felipe Carrera as its admiral. The wine had been sent by the Mogul Banana company of New Orleans as a token of amicable relations—and certain consummated deals—between that company and the republic.

Next to the champagne the credit of the appointment belonged to Don Sabas Placido, the newly appointed minister of war.

The session had been signally tedious; the business and the wine prodigiously dry. A sudden, pranksish humor of Don Sabas impelling him to the deed, spiced the grave matters of state with a whiff of agreeable playfulness.

In the order of business had come a bulletin from the department of Orilla del Mar, reporting the seizure by the custom-house officers at the coast town of Solitas of the sloop Estrella de Noche and her cargo of dry goods, patent medicine, granulated sugar and three-star brandy. Also six Martini rifles and ten thousand Havana cigars. Caught in the act of smuggling, the sloop and cargo was now, according to law, the property of the republic.

The collector of customs, in making his statement, departed from conventional forms so far as to suggest that the confiscated vessel be converted to the use of the government. The prize was the first capture to the credit of the department for ten years. It often happened that government officials required transportation from point to point along the coast, and means were usually lacking. Furthermore, the sloop could act as a coast guard to discourage the pernicious art of smuggling. The collector would also venture to name one to whom the charge of the boat could be safely entrusted—a young man, Felipe Carrera, not, be it understood one of extreme wisdom, but loyal, and the best sailor along the coast.

It was upon this hint that the minister of war executed his little piece of drollery that so enlivened the tedium of executive session.

In the constitution of this small, maritime banana republic was a forgotten section providing for the maintenance of a navy. The champagne was bubbling trickily in the veins of the mercurial statesmen. A formidable document was prepared, encrusted with chromatic seals and jaunty with fluttering ribbons, bearing the floral signatures of state, and conferring upon el Señor Don Felipe Carrera the title of Admiral of the marine fleet and force of the republic. Thus, within the space of a few minutes and the dominion of a dozen extra dry, the country rose to a place among naval powers, and Felipe Carrera became entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns whenever he should enter port.

The southern races are lacking in that particular humor that finds entertainment in natural misfortunes. Owing to this defect, they are not moved to laughter at the deformed, the feeble-minded, or the insane. Felipe Carrera was but half-witted. Therefore, the people of Solitas called him "el pobrecito loco," saying that God had sent but half of him to earth, retaining the other. A somber youth, glowering and speaking only at the rarest times, Felipe was but negatively loco. He generally refused to answer all questions when on shore. He seemed to know that he was badly handicapped on land where so many kinds of understanding are needed, but on the water few sailors whom God had entirely and carefully completed could handle a sailboat as well. He could sail a sloop five points nearer to the wind's eye than the best of them. He owned no boat, but worked among the crews of the schooners and sloops that skimmed the coast, trading, and freighting fruit out to the steamers where there was no harbor. It was through his famous boldness and skill as a sailor, as well as the pity felt for his mental imperfections that he was recommended by the collector as a suitable custodian of the captured sloop.

When the outcome of Señor Placido's little pleasantry arrived in the form of the imposing commission, the collector wondered and then smiled. He sent for Felipe, placed the document in his hands, explaining carefully to him the high honor that the government had granted him. Without a word, the newly created admiral took his commission, and departed.

The next morning he came again to the collector, and, as he passed through the village streets many were the compassionate exclamations of "pobrecito muchacho," but never a laugh or a smile.

Somewhere, Felipe had raked together a pitiful semblance of a military uniform—a pair of red trousers, a dingy blue jacket embroidered with yellow braid, and an old fatigue cap abandoned by one of the British soldiers in Belize. In the latter he had fastened the gaudy feathers of a parrot's tail. Buckled around his waist was an ancient ship's cutlass contributed by Pedro Lafitte, the barber, who proudly asserted its inheritance from his ancestor, the illustrious buccaner. At the admiral's heels tagged his

newly shipped crew—three grinning, glossy black Caribs, bare to the waist; the sand in the streets spurring in a shower from the spring of their naked feet.

With becoming dignity, Felipe demanded his vessel of the collector. And now, a fresh honor awaited him. The collector's wife, a thin, little, yellow woman who read novels in a hammock all day, had found, in an old book, an engraving of a flag purporting to be the naval flag of the republic. Perhaps it had been so designed by the founders of the nation; but, as no navy had ever been established, oblivion had claimed its flag. With her own tawny hands she had made a flag after this pattern—a red cross upon a blue and white ground. Having a little of the romance that abounded in her novels, she presented it to Felipe with the words: "Brave sailor. This flag is of your country. It you will defend with the life. Go with God."

For the next month or two the navy had its troubles. Even the admiral was perplexed to know what to do without orders, but none came. Neither did any salaries. The sloop was re-christened "El Nacional," repainted, and swung idly at anchor. When Felipe's little store of money was exhausted, he went to the collector and raised the question of finances.

"Salaries!" exclaimed the collector, with his hands raised. "Que salaries! Not one centavo have I received of my own for seven months. The pay of an admiral, do you ask? Quien sabe? Should it be less than three thousand pesos? Mira! You will see a revolution in this country very soon. A good sign of it is when they call for pesos, pesos, pesos; and pay none out." Felipe left the collector with a look almost of content in his sombre face. A revolution would mean fighting, and then the government would need his services. It was rather humiliating to be an admiral without anything to do, and have a hungry crew begging for reales to buy plantains and bread to eat.

When he returned to where the good-natured Caribs were hopefully waiting, they sprang up and saluted, as he had taught them.

"Come, muchachos," said the admiral. "The government is poor. It has no money at present. We will earn what we need to live upon. Soon"—his heavy eyes almost lighted up—"our help may be gladly sought for." Thereafter El Nacional turned out with the other coast craft and freighted bananas and oranges out to the fruit steamers who could not come nearer than a mile off shore, there being no harbor at Solitas. Surely, a self-supporting navy deserves red letters in the budget of any nation!

There was a little telegraph office in Solitas whence a little telegraph line ran over the big mountains to the capital. After earning enough at freighting to keep his crew to provisions and pay for a week or two, Felipe would infest this office, looking like the chorus of an insolvent comic opera troupe besieging the manager's den. Sprawled in a favorite corner, upon the floor, in his fast decaying uniform, with his prodigious sabre distributed between his red legs, he awaited, day after day, and week after week, the long delayed orders from his government. Each day he would inquire, gravely and expectantly, for dispatches. The operator would pretend to make a search, and reply:

"Not yet, it seems, Señor el Almirante—Poco tiempo!"

At the answer the admiral would plump himself down, with a rattle, in his corner to await the infrequent click of the little instrument on the table. Outside, in the shade of the lime trees in the calle, the crew chewed sugar cane, or slumbered, well content to serve a country content with so little service.

One day in early summer the revolution predicted by the collector flamed out suddenly. It had long been smouldering. At the head of the insurgents appeared that Hector and learned Theban of the Central American republics, Don Sabas Placido. A traveler, a soldier, a poet, a scientist, a statesman, and a connoisseur—the wonder was that he could content himself with the petty, remote life of his native country.

"It is a whim of Placido's," said a friend who knew him well, "to take up political intrigue. It is not otherwise than if he had come upon a new tempo in music; a new bacillus in the air; a new scent, or rhyme, or explosive. He will squeeze this revolution dry of sensations, and, a week afterward, forget it, skimming the seas of the world in his brigantine to add to his already world-famous collections of — por Dios! — everything — from postage stamps to maquinas de vapor."

But the aesthetic Placido seemed to be creating a lively row, for a mere diatribe. The admired of the people, they had risen almost in a body to seat him in the place of the inclement President Prados. There was sharp fighting in the capital, where (contrary to arrangements) the army had rallied to the defense of the incumbent. There was, also, lively skirmishing in most of the coast towns. It was rumored that the revolution was aided by a powerful concern in the states—the Mogul Banana company. Two of their steamers, the Traveler and the Salvador, were

known to have conveyed insurgent troops from point to point along the coast.

At the first note of war the admiral of the naval fleet and force made all sail for Belize, where he traded a hastily collected cargo for cartridges for the five Martini rifles, the armament of El Nacional. Then back he hurried, to be prepared for his country's call. As yet, there had been no actual uprising in Solitas. Military law ruled, and the ferment was bottled for the time. There was a report that everywhere the revolutionists were encountering defeat. In the capital the president's forces triumphed, and there was a rumor that the leaders of the revolt had been forced to flee, hotly pursued.

In the little telegraph office at Solitas there was always a gathering of officials and loyal citizens, awaiting news from the seat of government. One morning the telegraph key began clicking, and presently the operator called, loudly: "One telegram for el Almirante, Don Señor Felipe Carrera!"

There was a shuffling sound; a great rattling of tin scabbard, and the admiral, prompt at his spot of waiting, leaped across the room to receive it.

The message was handed to him. Slowly spelling it out, he found it to be his first official order—thus running:

"Proceed immediately with your vessel to mouth of Rio Ruiz; transport beef and provisions to barracks, at Alforan. Martinez, General."

Small glory, to be sure, in this, his country's first call. But it had called, and joy surged in the admiral's breast. He drew his cutlass belt to another buckle hole, roused his dozing crew, and in a quarter of an hour El Nacional was tacking swiftly down coast in a stiff landward breeze.

The Rio Ruiz is a small river, emptying into the sea ten miles below Solitas. That portion of the coast is wild and solitary. Through a gorge in the Cordilleras rushed the Ruiz, cold and bubbling, to glide, at the last, with breadth and leisure, through an alluvial morass into the sea.

In two hours El Nacional entered the river's mouth. The banks were crowded with a disposition of formidable trees. The sumptuous undergrowth of the tropics overflowed the

clothes of all were drenched, bespattered and rent by the thicket. Some stress of circumstance must have driven them, diable a quatre, through flood, mire and jungle.

"Oh-he! señor almirante," called the large man. "Send us your boat."

The dory was lowered, and Felipe, with one of the caribs, rowed toward the left bank.

The large man stood near the water's brink, waist deep in the curling vines. As he gazed upon the scarecrow figure in the stern of the dory a sprightly interest beamed upon his mobile face. Months of wageless and thankless service had dimmed the admiral's splendor. His red trousers were patched and ragged. Most of the bright buttons and yellow braid were gone from his jacket. The visor of his cap was torn, and depended almost to his eyes. The admiral's feet were bare.

"Dear admiral," cried the large man, and his voice was like a blast from a horn. "I kiss your hands. I knew we could build upon your fidelity. You had our dispatch—from General Martinez. A little nearer with your boat, dear admiral. Upon these evils of shifting vines we stand with the smallest security."

Felipe regarded him with a stolid face.

"Provisions and beef for the barracks at Alforan," he quoted.

"No fault of the butchers, almirante mio, that the beef awaits you not. But you are come in time to save the cattle. Get us aboard your vessel, señor, at once. You first, caballeros—a prieta. Come back for me. The boat is too small."

The dory conveyed the two officers to the sloop, and returned for the large man.

"Have you so gross a thing as food, good admiral?" he cried, when aboard. "And, perhaps, coffee? Beef and provisions! Nombre de dios! a little longer, and we could have eaten one of those mules that you, Colonel Rafael, saluted so feelingly with his sword scabbard at parting. Let us have food; and then we will sail—for the barracks at Alforan—no?"

The Caribs prepared a meal, to which the three passengers of El Nacional set themselves with famished delight. About sunset, as was its custom, the breeze veered and swept back from the mountains, cool and steady, bringing a taste of the stag-

lessly at his short commands. The three passengers were watching intently the sea before them, and when at length they came in sight of a steamer lying a mile out from the town, with her lights radiating deep into the water, they held a sudden voluble and close-headed converse. The sloop was speeding as if to strike midway between ship and shore.

The large man suddenly separated from his companions and approached the scarecrow at the helm.

"My dear admiral," he said, "the government has been exceedingly remiss. I feel all the shame for it that only its ignorance of your devoted service has prevented it from sustaining. An inexcusable oversight has been made. A vessel, a uniform and a crew worthy of your fidelity shall be furnished you. But just now, dear admiral, there is business of moment afoot. The steamer lying there is the Salvador. I and my friends desire to be conveyed to her, where we are sent on the government's business. Do us the favor to shape your course accordingly."

Without replying, the admiral gave a sharp command, and put the tiller hard to port. El Nacional swerved, and headed, straight as an arrow's course, for the shore.

"Do me the favor," said the large man, a trifle restive, "to acknowledge at least that you catch the sound of my words." It was possible that the fellow might be lacking in senses as well as intellect.

The admiral emitted a croaking, harsh laugh, and spoke.

"They will stand you," he said, "with your face to the wall and shoot you dead. That is the way they kill traitors. I knew you when you stepped into my boat. I have seen your picture in a book. You are Sabas Placido, traitor to your country. With your face to a wall. So, you will die. I am the admiral, and I will take you to them. With your face to a wall. Yes."

Don Sabas half turned and waved his hand, with a ringing laugh, toward his fellow fugitives. "To you, caballeros, I have related the history of that banquet when we issued that oh, so ridiculous commission. Of a truth, our jest has been turned against us. Behold the Frankenstein's monster we have created!"

Don Sabas glanced toward the shore. The lights of Solitas were drawing nearer. He could see the beach, the warehouse of the Bodega Nacional, the long, low cuartel occupied by the soldiers, and behind that, gleaming in the moonlight, a stretch of high dome wall. He had seen men stood with their faces to that wall and shot dead.

Again he addressed the extravagant figure at the helm.

"It is true," he said, "that I am fleeing the country. But, receive the assurance that I care very little for that. Courts and camps everywhere are open to Sabas Placido. Vaya! what is this molehill of a republic—this pig's head of a country—to a man like me? I am a paisano of everywhere. In Roma, Londres, Vienna, Nuevo York, Madrid, you will hear them say: 'Welcome back, Don Sabas.' Come! tonto—baboon of a boy—admiral—whatever you call yourself—turn your boat! Put us on board the Salvador, and here is your pay—five hundred pesos in money of the Estados Unidos—more than your lying government will pay you in 20 years."

Don Sabas pressed a plump purse against the boy's hand. The admiral gave no heed to the words or the movement. Braced against the helm, he was holding the sloop dead on her shoreward course. His dull face was lit almost to intelligence by some internal conceit, that seemed to afford him joy, and found utterance in another parrotlike cackle.

"That is why they do it," he said, "so you will not see the guns. They fire—boom!—and you fall dead. With your face to the wall. Yes."

The admiral called a sudden order to his crew. The lithe, silent Caribs made fast the sheets they held and slipped down the hatchway into the hold of the sloop. When the last one had disappeared, Don Sabas, like a big, brown leopard, leaped, closed and fastened the hatch, and stood, smiling.

"No rifles, if you please, dear admiral. It was a whimsey of mine once to compile a dictionary of the Carib lengua. So I understood your order. Perhaps you will now—"

He cut short his words, for he heard a sharp "swish" of iron scraping along tin. The admiral had drawn his cutlass, and was darting upon him. The blade descended, and it was only by a show of surprising agility that the large man escaped, with only a bruised shoulder, the glancing weapon. He was drawing his pistol as he sprang, and the next instant he shot the admiral down.

Don Sabas stooped over him and rose again.

"En el corazon," he said, briefly. "Senores, the navy is abolished."

Colonel Rafael sprang to the helm; the other officer hastened to loose the mainsail sheets. The boom swung round; El Nacional described a fluent curve and began to tack industriously for the Salvador.

"Strike that flag, señor," called Colonel Rafael. "Our friends on the steamer will wonder why we are sailing under it."

"Well said," cried Don Sabas. Advancing to the mast, he lowered the flag to the deck where lay its too loyal supporter. Thus ended the minister of war's little piece of after-dinner drollery, and by the same hand that began it.

Suddenly Don Sabas gave a great cry of joy, and ran down the slanting deck to the side of Colonel Rafael. Across his arm he carried the flag of the extinguished navy.

"Mire! mire! señor. Ah, Dios! Already can I hear that great bear of an

Oestreicher shout: 'Du hast mein herz gebrochen!' Mire! Of my friends, Herr Grunitz of Vienna, you have heard me relate. That man has traveled to Ceylon for an orchid—to Benares for a head-dress—to Benares for a slipper—to Mozambique for a spearhead to add to his famous collections. Thou knowest, also, amigo Rafael, that I have been a gatherer of curios. My collection of battle flags of the world's navies was the most complete in existence until last year. Then Herr Grunitz secured two, oh, so rare specimens. One of a Barbary state, and one of the Makarooros, a tribe on the west coast of Africa. I have not those, but they can be procured. But this flag, señor—do you know what it is? Name of God! do you know? See that red cross upon the blue and white ground! You never saw it before? Segura mento no. It is the marine flag of your country. Mire! This rotten tub we stand upon is its navy—that dead cockatoo lying there was its commander—that stroke of cutlass and single pistol shot a sea battle. All a piece of absurd foolery, I grant you—but authentic. There has never been another flag like this, and there never will be another. No. It is unique in the whole world. Yes. Think of what that means to a collector of flags! Do you know, colonel mio, how many golden crowns Herr Grunitz would give for this flag? Ten thousand, likely. Well, a hundred thousand would not buy it. Beautiful flag! Little devil of a most heaven-born flag! O-he! old grumbler beyond the ocean. Wait till Don Sabas comes again to the Koen'gin strasse. He will let you kneel and touch the folds of it with one finger. O-he! old spectacled ransacker of the world!"

Forgotten was the impotent revolution, the danger, the loss, the gall of defeat. Possessed solely by the inordinate and unparalleled passion of the collector, he strode up and down the little deck, clasping to his breast with one hand the paragon of a flag. He snapped his fingers triumphantly toward the east. He shouted the paean to his prize in trumpet tones, as if he would make old Grunitz hear.

They were waiting on the Salvador, to welcome them. The sloop came close alongside the steamer where her sides were sliced almost to the lower deck for the loading of fruit. The sailors of the Salvador grappled and held her there.

Captain McLeod leaned over the side.

"Well, señor, the jig is up, I'm told."

"The jig is up?" Don Sabas looked perplexed for a moment. "That revolution—ah—si." With a shrug of his shoulder he dismissed the matter.

The captain learned of the escape and the imprisoned crew.

"Caribs?" he said; "no harm in them." He slipped down into the sloop and kicked loose the hasp of the hatch. The black fellows came tumbling up, sweating but grinning.

"Hey! black boys!" said the captain in a dialect of his own; "you sabe, catchy boat and vamos back same place quick."

They saw him point to themselves, the sloop and Solitas. "Yes, yes!" they cried, with broader is and many nods.

The four—Don Sabas, the two officers and the captain—moved to quit the sloop. Don Sabas lagged a little behind, looking at the still form of the late admiral, sprawled in his paltry trappings.

"Pobrecito loco," he said, softly.

He was a brilliant cosmopolite and a cognoscente of high rank; but, after all, he was of the same race and blood and instinct of this people. Even as the simple gente of Solitas had said it, so said Don Sabas. Without a smile, he looked and said: "The poor little crazed one!"

Stooping, he raised the limp shoulders, drew the priceless and indispensible flag under them and over the breast, pinning it there with the diamond star of the order of San Carlos that he took from the collar of his own coat.

He followed after the others, and stood with them upon the deck of the Salvador. The sailors that steadied El Nacional shoved her off. The jabbering Caribs hauled away at the rigging; the sloop headed for the shore; and Herr Grunitz' collection of naval flags was still the finest in the world.

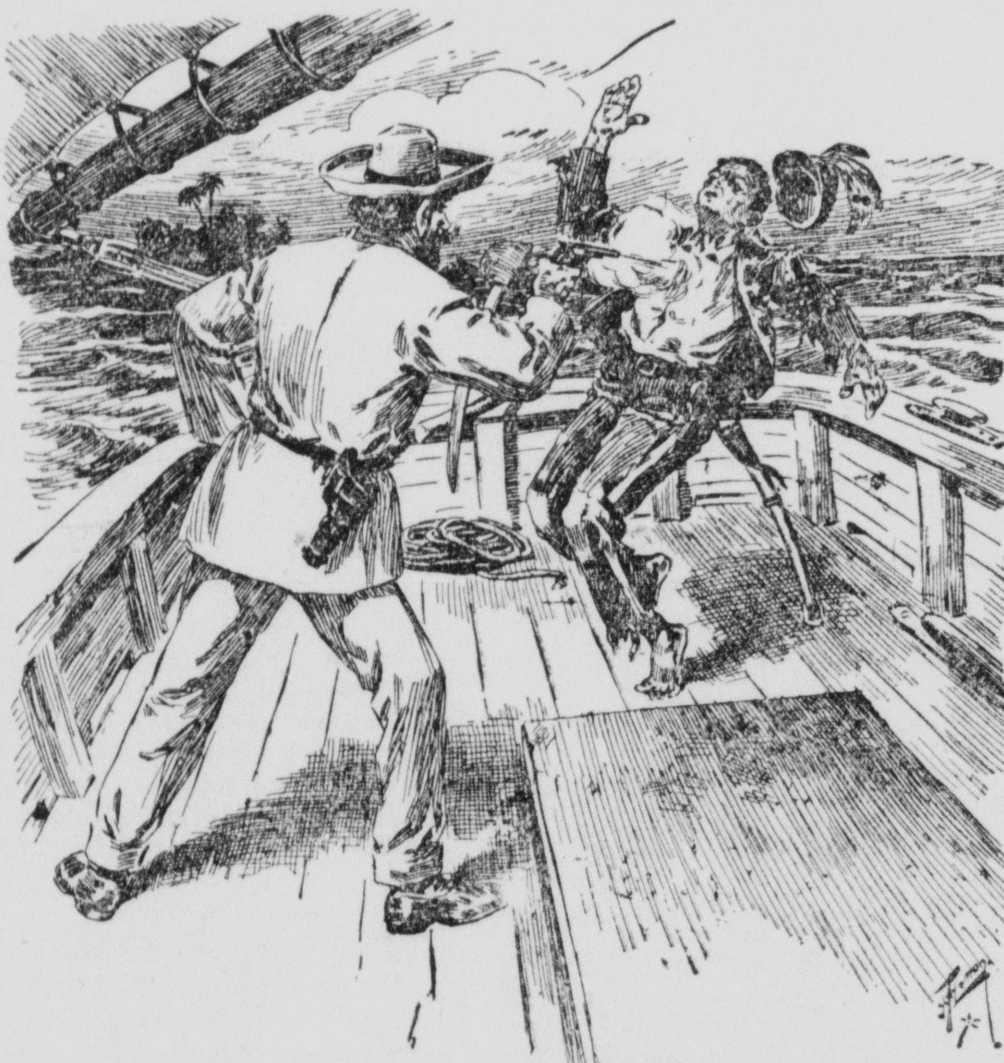
Girl's Beauty Bewitched Thief.

A hotel thief who is too susceptible for the hotel thieving business is Reitzner von Heidelberg, an Austrian engineer, who was arrested in a room of the Hotel Britannique, where Senora de Vellido, daughter of Marquesa de Vellido, was sleeping peacefully.

Marquesa de Vellido went into her daughter's room at eight o'clock and found the man gazing, lost in admiration, at the sleeping girl. She raised the alarm, and the man was arrested and subsequently confessed to having stolen various articles. He said he could have stolen much more if he had liked, but the beauty of the sleeping girl had bewitched him. He had remained for a quarter of an hour looking at her and would have done so all day had he not been interrupted.—Petit Parisien.

Success.

Thy success. Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou has not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight—to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement, a fearful imperilment of the victory.—Carlyle, "Past and Present."



THE NEXT INSTANT HE SHOT THE ADMIRAL DOWN.

Mystery of the Violets

There are three daughters in the Jerviss family, all attractive young women of a going-out age.

Emily, the eldest, is a tall, dashing brunette. Eleanor, the second, is petite and dark. Daisy, the debutante, is a short blond young person with freckles and the engaging manners of a cherubic small boy. It is a standing grievance among this otherwise care-free trio that their various admirers often fail to attach a distinguishing first name to their offerings and notes.

"It was all very well," Daisy sputtered wrathfully to a girl caller, "to contend that Emily is the only Miss Jerviss. To be sure, Emily could, properly and technically speaking, claim the honor of that title, but when it comes to claiming every box of candy that reaches the house thus addressed it is quite another matter.

"It's horribly embarrassing," she complained, "for us not to know which one of us has to thank the man whose card accompanies the gift, because we all three go out with the same men occasionally, and it's hard to know which one he desires to favor.

"This time," she added, with a giggle, "is the worst yet!" She uncovered a square purple box and displayed to her girl caller a great bunch of violets. She buried her nose in them ecstatically.

"They are absolutely the first of the season," she said, "and they came two hours ago addressed to Miss Jerviss and without a trace of a card. Of course, we all three claim them, because Eleanor is going to the theater with Billy Selterman tonight and Emily is going to a little informal dance with Henry Corsairs and I myself am expecting Livingston Orr to call. A mere call doesn't necessitate flowers, naturally, but Livingston has been rather—er—devoted of late. And every man harbors the conviction that the recipient of his favors is going to know whom to thank by some subtle romantic instinct.

"No, indeed," she went on, in answer to a question from the caller, "we haven't come to any decision yet. We had a council and after much discussion we decided to be foxy, so each one of us invented good excuses to call up the man she is going out with this evening to see if he wouldn't get into a conversation and give himself away.

"Emily called Henry to say that she couldn't possibly be ready until half an hour later than the time he was to come, but he only thanked her gratefully for letting him know, and she had to hang up the receiver without enlightenment.

"Then Eleanor called up Billy to remind him that she didn't know what play they were going to see. She told him that she wanted to look up the criticisms beforehand. Equally hopeless!

"And so I rang up Livingston to ask him to stop off on his way here tonight and bring me a certain book from the Kays'. He agreed pleasantly and remarked that he had been thinking about me all day.

"Ah ha!" said I to myself. 'Here is where little Daisy corners the violet market.' Then, 'How am I going to be convinced of that?' I inquired archly of Livingston, thinking he would speak of his floral offering as a proof. But he only remonstrated, in a hurt voice, that he hoped I wouldn't need any convincing argument on that score. So I hung up the receiver baffled. What he said didn't sound promising, although, of course, he may have sent the violets and will not mention them until I do."

She returned the bouquet to its box with a sigh. "Emily will probably get them after all," she said, ruefully, "because she has the legal claim. Then if they really did come from Nell's young man or mine he will be mortally offended when he notices that we haven't worn them.

"But, you see—" She was interrupted by the entrance of the housemaid with a card.

"There's a boy just come, Miss Daisy," said the maid, "to say that the box from the florist's that was delivered this afternoon was addressed wrong. He says it was for Mrs. Jerviss instead of Miss Jerviss, and here's the card that was to go with it."

Daisy accepted the card with a blank face. But as she read a broad grin grew upon her countenance.

"They are from Uncle Jack," she said. "He always sends mother flowers when he passes through town."

The grin developed into a laugh. "The joke is on Emily," gasped Daisy after an interval, "for she has gone five miles to the dressmaker's to hurry up her new lavender gown so that she can wear it with those violets to-night!"

Preserving Autumn Leaves.

A lady writes that she has preserved autumn leaves in the following manner: Take a book with rather a heavy cover when you go to gather the leaves and place them in it smoothly. The next day or so give them a coat of varnish such as is used for photographs. I have made very pretty centerpieces by cutting a piece of cardboard any shape desired and arranging the leaves as a lace or embroidered centerpiece. For a pretty dish for the middle I cut off carrots about an inch and a half in length and put them in a pretty glass dish with a little water and a few pieces of charcoal. They grow and look like ferns.

Effective Costumes



THE costume at the left is in russet-colored face cloth, and is effectively trimmed with black military braid. The skirt has a panel back and front cut in with the lower edge of sides; the upper part is laid on in wrapped seams; buttons are sewn each side of front; six rows of military braid are then arranged at equal distances at the foot. The coat is semi-fitting and has the front and back panels laid on the sides in wrapped seams, braid trims the lower edge of sides, also the collar and cuffs. Hat of black felt, trimmed with black satin bows completes the costume.

Materials required: Six yards cloth 46 inches wide, 18 yards braid, 4½

yards silk or satin for lining coat, two dozen buttons.

The second might be made in navy serge; it has a panel taken down front and back of skirt, terminating in a box plait; on either side of front are two inverted plaits, these are headed by a material strap pointed at the end in which a button is sewn. The coat is semi-fitting and has a large sailor collar faced with material; the right front is cut in a point and taken over to left, where fastening is formed. Hat of navy chip trimmed with a feather mount.

Materials required: Six and one-half yards serge 46 inches wide, seven buttons.

TO COVER THE FURNITURE

Cretone Slips Are Among the Prettiest Things That Can Be Used for This Purpose.

Few women realize how pretty and practical are furniture covers made from cretton and other figured material, or more housewives would make use of such slips in renovating old and worn furniture. Incidentally, these modern "slips" can be made by a woman who has had any experience in cutting patterns. I find that models for chair covers, etc., can be best made by cutting a design from three-cent cambric and fitting it snugly with pins to the furniture.

When the exact dimensions of each piece are complete in cambric these trial "slips" must be unpinned and laid on the material from which the "slips" are to be constructed.

It is not necessary to bind the seams in these slips. Indeed, in a figured fabric the effect of such seams is undesirable. On plain, dun-colored fabrics life is introduced by the use of red or blue braid on the seams.

With figured goods, French seaming is best. It makes a firm and neat finish, and obviates the use of another color.

In slip covers the frame of the furniture is hidden by the material. They are precisely what they are called, "slips," which easily can be large enough to allow for shrinkage when first washed.—Pittsburg Gazette.

DAMASK FOR SHAWL SCARFS

One of the Prettiest and Most Sensible of the Present Season's Fashions.

Silk damasks are used in the fashioning of the broad shawl scarfs that are fashionable. They have the air of having once covered sofas and chairs of the grand monarch period.

These scarfs are so ample that when wound about the figure they are as warm as a coat. The colors are exquisite. A blurred design in Japanese red, which has all the romance of the east in it, is most effective. A melon thistle blue shade and a peculiar green that is named after the Nile, yet which makes the old-fashioned Nile green seem inspired, is used with excellent effect.

These are often bordered with marabou and are often thrown over the shoulders with the defiant abandon of the Spaniard's cloak.

Ironing Table Linen.

It is said that an experienced laundress never sprinkles her linen. She dries it thoroughly in the air, then dips it into boiling water and puts it through the wringer. Each article is then folded in a dry cloth as smoothly as possible and allowed to remain there for a couple of hours or so. Irons must be hot, but not scorching, because the linen must be ironed perfectly dry. Herein lies the secret of table linen that is guiltless of starch.

GIRL'S EVENING DRESS.



This simple little dress is in soft cream satin; the skirt has the fullness gathered in at waist, then again to the lace band at foot; this is of coarse lace, and is cut in a tab in front. The kimono bodice is edged with a lace trimming to match skirt, and has the slight fullness drawn into a lace waistband, the sleeves are finished off in the same way.

Material required: 4½ yards satin 42 inches wide, 3½ yards lace.

Chenille Scarfs.

New scarfs that should make their wearers indifferent to any degree of cold, less severe than that of the arctic, are of chenille. They come in navy blue, old blue, amethyst and other fashionable shades, have chenille fringes and are further adorned with Persian borders.

The Wheel Motif.

Huge filigree and jeweled wheel motifs now ornament gowns. They are made of old gold filigree-like fretwork, incrusting with giant sapphires and imitation stones, and linked together with heavy chains of beads and gold filigree balls.

New Silk for Scarfs.

Among scarfs the newest material is fine silk cricot, like glove silk. These come in all the fashionable shades. Many scarfs have embroidered and silk crocheted lace ends, in self-tones or in harmoniously contrasting colors.



A SIMPLE DEDUCTION.

"You have no children," said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., as he approached the well-dressed man who had just stepped out of one of the fashionable clubs; "or, if you have children, they are few in number."

"Right you are. I have only one child."

"She is a girl."

"Correct again, old man. But how the deuce do you happen to know so much about my family? You're a stranger to me."

"It is very simple," replied the great amateur detective. "I recently overheard another say that you belonged to nearly all the best clubs in this city. I knew that if you had a son or two you could not buy shoes for them and pay club dues."

Not Sufficient.

"Here's an account of another hunter lost in the woods," said Wise. "Every hunter should carry a pocket compass."

"Why," asked Dumley, "how would that help him?"

"Help him to get out, of course. The needle of the compass always points to the north."

"Ah! but suppose he wants to go to the east, west or south?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Police Obtuseness.

"Why did you let that thief get away with the automobile right under your eyes?" demanded the chief.

"He acted as if he were the owner," explained the patrolman. "He took it unconcernedly and had as pleasant a face as if there were no doubt of his ownership."

"A pleasant face!" roared the chief. "Don't you know yet what a worried look the automobile owner wears?"

NOT YET OUT.



Visitor—Poor man, I suppose you are down and out?

Jail Prisoner—Hardly, mum; I am down all right, but I won't be out for 30 days.

Hasty Exit.

Oh, friend, when you "butt in," And then you feel in doubt, The wisest plan is just turn 'round And calmly butt right out.

A Happy Comet.

Harry, aged six years, was greatly excited over his first trip on a steamboat, and his father allowed him to stay on deck with him for a while in the evening. His attention was at once directed to the light of the searchlight moving to and fro. Excitedly, he grasped his father's hand and said: "Daddy, look! There must be a happy comet near here. See how he wags his tail."

Enlightened.

"Old chap, what does 'cachinnation' mean?"

"Loud and mirthless laughter, dear boy. Why?"

"Nothing; only I understand now what the papers meant when they said that my stories at the club banquet last night caused much cachinnation."

Modest Pride.

"How ridiculous the doctor's wife is! She is always fussing with her little flower pots and talking about botany, while, bless my soul, I have more flowers in my hat than she has in her whole conservatory."—Fliegende Blätter.

Higher Education.

"What has his boy learned at school this session?"

"He has learned that he'll have to be vaccinated, that his eyes aren't really mates and that his method of breathing is entirely obsolete."

Occupied.

You never heard a fellow whine Or life belittle, Who has a handy wedge of pine To whittle.

A Soldier of Fortune.

"How interesting! You say you are an old soldier."

"Yes, lady, I've been 'soldiering' all me life and I expect to 'soldier' the rest of it."—Judge

MARY AND PANKY.

Mary had a little poodle, Its fleece was white as snow, And Mary took it with her 'Most everywhere she'd go.

She carried it to town one day— 'Alas! poor Panky Poo! Somebody stole that dog away, She never did know who.

But Mary's father chuckled, When he had heard the news, And he found it very difficult, Just then, to have the "blues."

Because, you see, he'd paid a man To kidnap Panky Poo. She surely had been double-crossed, But Mary never knew.

NOSE WAS FIRST.



She—That nose tells the story. He—Yesh, dear, but I had a much better one ready to tell you.

Wisdom of Billy.

Soon will the ancient, odorless goat Hike for the cellar, dark, remote; There he'll defy the wintry storm And eat the coal to keep him warm.

Way to Find Him.

"My wife and I are going to spend a few months with her people at Strong's Corners," said the meek little man, "and I want you to mail your paper to me—"

"Yes," said the clerk, "what's your name?"

"Well—er—to make sure, I guess you'd better address it: 'Mary Strong's Husband, Strong's Corners.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

A True Friend.

Hostess—I'm so sorry to hear that you and Gladys have quarreled.

Her Dearest Friend—Yes, darling, and it's all about you. She said that you were mean and untruthful; that you flirted outrageously with Jack Rakes; but, when she said that you had your clothes made by a small local dressmaker, well! I really couldn't stand that!—Punch.

Troubles of the Newrich.

Mrs. Parvenu—John, that Mrs. Caller who was just here said she'd been having a bad attack of ongwie. What did she mean?

Parvenu—Something 'catchin', perhaps. Why don't you look it up in the dictionary?

Mrs. P.—I did. I went through all the o's but can't find no such word.

UNDISMAYED.



The Theorist—Even though you seem successful for a time, you will find some day that you have not a friend left in the world.

The Politician—That's all right. It's a part of my business to see that my friends don't get left.

His Weapons.

When Cupid goes a-hunting With a partner he would go; For though he shoots the arrows, 'Tis a girl who draws the bow.

The Laughing Matter.

"It was Dr. Johnson, wasn't it," asked a minstrel man, "who said, 'men always laugh in the same way?'"

"I believe it was," replied the manager of the theater, "and some people seem to think men will always laugh at the same jokes."

Lesson in Etiquette.

"I was ashamed of you at that dinner last night. You made so much noise drinking your tea."

"Why, I was only sipping 't. It was hot."

"I should say you were gargling. Why didn't you have some etiquette about you? Why didn't you pour it out into your saucer, the way I did?"

THIS WILL BRING HER HOME.



A Chicago man whose wife is in Europe recently received from her a picture postcard on which she had written:

"I am enjoying myself immensely."

He at once sent a return card on which he wrote:

"It beats all what a fine time we both have when you are traveling."

A WISE WOMAN.



Mrs. Hoyle—I understand that you hire your husband's stenographers.

Mrs. Doyle—I do, and I make sure that they are homely enough to be harmless.

LUCKY FOR HER.



He (with the face)—I might have kissed you just now, only I was afraid of startling you.

Young Lady (gazing at the visage)—Well, I certainly should have been startled if I had turned round suddenly.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.



Judge—The witness positively identifies you as the burglar.

Daring Bill—How could he identify me when he had his head covered up in the bedclothing all the time?

PUZZLE PICTURE.



Find the little boy who is hiding from his mother.

Ever Mindful of your best interests,

THE SPAUNHURST OSTEOPATHS

beg to remind you, kind friends, that

OSTEOPATHY

Is Nature's way to relieve pain, add health and prolong life. All who have given it a fair trial will verify this statement. Investigate!

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for
dessert.
Jacob.

Feb. 11, 1911

Dear Friend:

I don't think there is anything nicer for dessert at supper than two nice big slices of canned peaches. The juice is good too. Mama cans peaches and other things for dessert if it is not too much trouble.

Your Friend,
JACOB.

P. S. You can get a good can of peaches for 20c and 25c at

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We are compelled to have more room before we take over the room which has been occupied by the Richart Shoe Store. In order to clean up our entire stock, we offer values less than manufacturer's prices on

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ODD PANTS, WOOL SHIRTS
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We will not give prices in this paper, but will give you prices on the goods at our store.

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1911.

The democrats declare that the legislature is carrying out the state platform which was adopted by the state convention of that party. Judging from the record the present legislature has made the platform will certainly not be used as a model in another democratic convention.

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Prevailing Current Prices for Grain and Livestock.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.

Wheat—Wagon, 93c; No. 2 red, 95½c. Corn—No. 2, 46½c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 32½c. Hay—Baled, \$14.00 @ 16.50; timothy, \$14.00 @ 17.00; mixed, \$12.50 @ 15.00. Cattle—\$4.00 @ 6.45. Hogs—\$6.00 @ 7.85. Sheep—\$2.50 @ 3.75. Lambs—\$4.00 @ 5.75. Receipts—2,500 hogs; 350 cattle; 100 sheep.

At Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, 99c. Corn—No. 2, 49c. Oats—No. 2, 34½c. Cattle—\$3.50 @ 6.10. Hogs—\$4.50 @ 8.20. Sheep—\$2.50 @ 4.15. Lambs—\$4.00 @ 6.15.

At Chicago.

Wheat—No. 2 red, 95½c. Corn—No. 2, 47½c. Oats—No. 2, 31½c. Cattle—Steers, \$5.00 @ 6.80; stockers and feeders, \$4.25 @ 5.75. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 7.65. Sheep—\$3.25 @ 4.60. Lambs—\$4.25 @ 6.10.

At St. Louis.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.03. Corn—No. 2, 44½c. Oats—No. 2, 32c.

Howard Horning from north of Seymour, left this morning for Vanderbilt, Texas to remain some time.

FARMER'S WIFE HAD HEAP TO DO

Mrs. Shepherd Was in Bad Shape
When She Could Not Stand on
Her Feet.

Durham, N. C.—"I am a farmer's wife," writes Mrs. J. M. Shepherd, of this city, "and have a heap to do."

"Four months ago I could not stand on my feet, to do anything much, but at this time I do the most of my work. I took Cardui and it did me more good than all the doctors.

"You don't know half how I thank you for the Cardui Home Treatment. I wish that all women who suffer from womanly trouble would treat themselves as I have."

Ladies can easily treat themselves at home, with Cardui, the woman's tonic. It is easy to take, and so gentle in its action, that it cannot do anything but good.

Being composed exclusively of vegetable ingredients, Cardui cannot lay up trouble in your system, as mineral drugs often do. Its ingredients having no harsh, medicinal effects, and being non-poisonous and perfectly harmless, Cardui is absolutely safe for young and old.

Ask your druggist. He will tell you to try Cardui.

N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

B. S. RUDDICK ASKS DIVORCE BECAUSE WIFE "NAGGED" HIM

This is Third Suit of the Kind Filed
by Parties Who Have Been
Married Twice.

Baker S. Ruddick, of Columbus has filed another suit for divorce from his wife, Laura Ella Ruddick, formerly of this city. The defendant is the sister of the late Mrs. H. W. Godfrey, and was named as the chief beneficiary in her will. A suit is also pending in the Bartholomew circuit court over this will.

Regarding the divorce case the Columbus Republican has the following:

Baker S. Ruddick has filed suit in the Bartholomew Circuit Court against his wife, Laura Ella Ruddick, in which he demands a divorce. John W. Donaker is his attorney. This is the third divorce suit for the couple and they have been married twice.

Several years ago the Ruddicks figured in a divorce trial here and Mr. Ruddick was granted a divorce. Later he and Mrs. Ruddick re-married. A few years after their second marriage Mrs. Ruddick brought suit for divorce and her husband filed a cross complaint in which he asked for the decree. She asked for a change of venue and the case was sent to a neighboring county for trial. Later a reconciliation was effected and the couple lived together again. Recently there has been trouble between them and this trouble has culminated in another suit for divorce. Shortly after the suit was filed this morning Mrs. Ruddick appeared at the clerk's office and asked to see the complaint. She took the papers away with her, saying she wanted to show them to her attorney. It is reported that she will file a cross complaint.

In the complaint filed in the present suit Mr. Ruddick accuses his wife of using profane, vile and vulgar language and he alleges that she constantly quarreled with him and nagged at him. He says these quarrels were too frequent for him to keep track of the dates. It is alleged that Mrs. Ruddick called her husband vile names, that she assaulted him and drove him from the house, that she refused to prepare his meals, etc. It is also alleged that when he wanted to sell some lots he owns in Stuttgart, Ark., she refused to sign the deeds.

Mr. Ruddick declares he has fitted up property at Tenth and Washington streets (the Chamber of Commerce) where he invited his wife to come and live with him but that she refused to live in this property after he had remodeled it and that she persists in living in a rented house.

Mrs. Nellie Jenkins, of Seymour, came Saturday evening to attend the wedding of her cousin, Mrs. Myrtle Slate, to Charles T. Thomas, which occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Wykoff, East Sixteenth street, Saturday night, the ceremony being performed by Rev. E. E. Valentine, pastor of the First Baptist church—Bedford Democrat.

George W. Allen, who has been the guest of his brother-in-law, Carroll Bush for several days, left for his home in Selma, Cal. this morning. Mrs. Allen will return later.

Want Ads. in the Republican get Results

LEGISLATURE IS PUSHING THINGS

Entering On Last Half of Session
With Energy.

MANY MATTERS ARE PRESSING

The Present Week Promises to Be a Busy One in Both Houses—An Effort Will Be Made in the Senate to Re-vive the Municipal Franchise Referendum Bill—Salary Boost Bills Come Up for Attention at Special Meeting.

Indianapolis, Feb. 7.—On the legislative program there is much for accomplishment this week, and there is promise that the number of bills passed this week will be much larger than the number of last week. However, proposed liquor legislation is not yet out of the way. The Proctor liquor regulation bill, as amended, has been reprinted with its amendments, and copies distributed. More amendments may be offered to the bill. It is also probable that the Proctor bill, which is meant to supplement the Democratic platform local option bill, which is now a law, will be reported out by the committee on public morals and acted on this week.

The house by a vote of 53 to 39 adopted the minority report on the Keegan child labor bill, recommending the passage of the bill as originally reported against the majority report favoring amendments that would have weakened the bill.

To Revive Referendum.

Senator Grube expects to request that his bill for the referendum of public service corporation franchises be called up again on third reading. The referendum bill failed to pass a little more than a week ago on account of the lack of a constitutional majority.

A new registration bill, composed of the best features of the bills already submitted by Senators Harlan and Clark is likely to be presented. It is planned to request that the senate consent that the matter of whipping this bill into shape and reporting on it be referred to a special committee.

Representative Keeney, chairman of the house committee on roads, has appointed a subcommittee to draft a measure embodying the committee's ideas on needed highway legislation. This committee had virtually agreed on a measure to report to the general committee.

The new draft, it was said, will not provide for a highway commission, but will provide for cash payment of all road taxes of more than \$15 a year for any corporation or individual. This is aimed to do away with the practice of railroads and other corporations that "farm out" their road taxes by contract. The distribution of the tax money throughout the townships will be through the boards of county commissioners, much after the present manner.

The committee will not report favorably the highway commission measure, Representative Keeney said. He declared that great opposition to the measure as drafted had developed among the farmers of the state, and that the committee did not feel that the measure should be pushed through in the face of the opposition.

Fees and Salaries Bills.

The house committee on fees and salaries will meet in the house chamber tonight to consider a number of bills having to do with the boosting of the salaries of public officers. The committee already has several bills calling for increases in the pay of public officers in various parts of the state, and the senate has passed other bills which will be in the hands of the committee before the meeting.

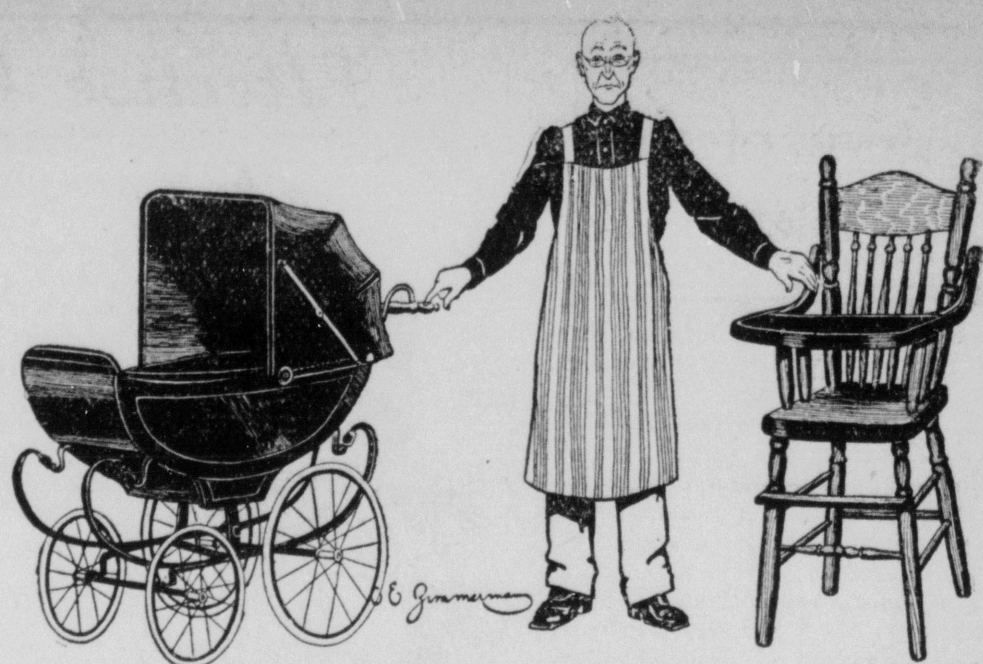
None of the bills in hand calls for salary decreases. In every case the demand is for more money. It was a subject for resolution in the house and is a matter of comment that salary increase bills carrying something like half a million of dollars are up for the consideration of the legislature this year.

Chairman Merriman of the house committee on fees and salaries, said: "I understand the senate has passed some of these salary increase bills. But the house has not passed them," he added, significantly. "I want to see the hearing tonight receive plenty of publicity. It will be interesting to the people to know just what officers are here asking for better pay. We all want to know who the philanthropists are."

A Humane Movement.

A bill for the prevention of abuse and neglect of horses and mules has been prepared by the Animal Protective association of Evansville. The framers of the bill say the present laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals do not in reality prevent cruelty, because they become operative only after an act of cruelty has been committed.

The measure provides that owners and caretakers of horses and mules shall obtain licenses. The animals and barns shall be open at all times to inspection by the police, health or humane officers, according to the terms of the bill, and the license of persons violating the law shall be revoked by the judge of circuit or superior court of the county, or by a justice of the peace, and the party whose license is thus revoked barred from owning a horse or mule.



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The Old Cabinet Maker Says:

"That if we have babies in our homes, to make them comfortable and healthy, by providing them with the new and useful improvements in high chairs, go-carts and baby carriages.

We are splendidly stocked with beautiful goods in these lines and in order that you may have the opportunity to fill baby's needs properly they are priced at a very low margin of profit.

F. J. VOSS

THE COUNTRY STORE

Buys in Quantities and Can Sell for Less

STAPLE DRUGS.	
One-eighth oz. bottle P. & W. Quinine for.	8c
Malena Salve	8c
Sulphur, per pound	5c
One quart bottle of Amonia for.	10c
Venetian Red, dry, per pound	2½c
HARDWARE	
\$1.00 Roller Skates, pair	75c
Capemell Horse Nails, any size, per lb.	16c
\$1.98 Suit Case for.	\$1.25
\$1.00 Hand Saw a good general purpose tool for	65c
2 only, Laundry Coal Stoves to close out, each	\$2.25
A nice size Roasting Pan for	25c
A heavy Copper Bottom Wash Boiler	98c
GROCERY SPECIALS.	
Sugar, any kind, per pound	5c
New crop Red Kidney Beans, per pound	7½c
Best quality Canned Tomatoes, 3 cans for	8c
Best quality Sweet Corn, 2 for	15c
Best quality Lye Hominy, per can	5c
50c pound Uncle Sam Chewing Tobacco for	39c
Pure Lard, per pound	12½c
Large size Can Milk	8c
Small size Can Milk	4c
Full Cream Cheese, two pounds for	35c
60c Tea, one-half pound for	25c
Fresh Eggs, per dozen	20c
4-pound Bag Table Salt, 3 for	10c
MISCELLANEOUS.	
15c White or Oak Curtain Poles, 2 for	15c
20 Per Cent. Discount on all Rubbers, except Boots	
Men's 50c Work Shirts, 3 for	\$1.00
Children's 15c Hose, now per pair	11c
\$1.50 Corduroy Pants, per pair	\$1.19
Jap Waste Baskets, any size	25c
4 Postal Cards and Postal Card Album for	5c

RAY R. KEACH

East Second Street, First Door West of Interurban Station Seymour, Ind.

SLUMP IN PRICES

More Goods Placed on Bargain Counter

Flannelets and Outing Flannels, 10 cent goods at 7½c
One lot of Dress Goods at less than cost, prices from 15c to 35c
1 lot Misses and Childrens' Suits Union Suits, 25c kind, 15c
Ladies' 25c Underwear.....19c
Men's 50c Underwear.....39c
1 lot Dress Gingham, former price 10c per yard, now.....6½c
1 lot of Corduroy pants less than cost.
1 lot Men's 50 cent Dress Shirts.....39c

Just Received

A Lot of New Embroideries, Laces and White Goods. Come in and see them.

FULL LINE OF DRY GOODS.
Complete Stock in our Grocery Dept.

W. H. REYNOLDS

21 AND 23 SOUTH CHESTNUT STREET

Advertise in The REPUBLICAN. It PAYS

PERSONAL.

U. F. Lewis was in Milan today.
J. S. Butram was in Scottsburg today.
Mark Williams was in Brownstown today.
Judge Shea went to Indianapolis today.
C. E. T. Dobbins was in Indianapolis today.
Mrs. L. P. Pyne is visiting relatives at Louisville.
George Schaefer and wife spent the day in Indianapolis.
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Conner left for St. Petersburg, Florida.
Mrs. Emma Hinkle left Monday for Sioux Falls, S. D. Monday.
Wesley White, of Surprise, was here today and left for Florida.
George Zollman of Medora, was here this morning on business.
B. C. Lett, of Surprise, was here Monday afternoon on business.
Rev. F. M. DeMunbrun, of Fleming, was here this morning on business.
Mrs. H. K. Dannettell has gone to Farmington for a visit with Mrs. Rudick.
Miss Ella Weinland went Indianapolis this morning for a visit with relatives.
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bauermeister, of Indianapolis, are visiting here for several days.
Fremont Rucker left for Florida this afternoon where he will spend several weeks.
Miss Hannah Mills has returned from Cincinnati where she was visiting for several days.
Mrs. O. B. Seelinger was called to Milan Monday on account of the death of her aunt.
Miss Lena Melson, of Osgood, returned to her home this morning after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Bush.
Miss Blanche Barick went to Indianapolis this morning where she will be the guest of friends for several days.
Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Blish left this morning for Pass Christian, Miss., where they will remain for several weeks.
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Anderson were called to Cincinnati Monday afternoon on the account of the illness of a relative.
Miss Wilhelmina Cope of Vanderbilt, Texas, who has been visiting at George Otte's, left for home this morning.
Mrs. Violet Bonnell of Newcomers-town, Ohio, is expected to arrive to spend several months with her brother, Frank Mercer.
T. M. Jackson and daughter, Miss Kate Jackson, left for St. Petersburg, Florida, where they will spend several weeks.
Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Hattabaugh have returned to their home in Ft. Ritner after a visit of several days with relatives here.

Removal Sale

On or before Feb. the 15th I will move to 14 E. Second street in same room where A. Sciarra, the tailor is located, 3rd door west of Interurban Station. Up to that date I will continue to give 10 per cent. reduction on all Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes. I will have my repair shop in the rear room which will be more convenient to accomodate my customers.

Yours for continuing business relationship

P. COLABUONO, THE SHOEMAKER

PATHETIC CASES

Reported at Charity Organization Meeting.—More Clothing Needed.

The regular monthly meeting of the City Charity Organization was held at the library last night. There was a fair attendance and much interest manifested in this good work. Some pathetic cases were reported, among them that of a little eight year old boy who was found the sole companion of a mother very sick with pneumonia. In this case a nurse has been placed in charge and the little boy properly clothed and placed in school. At another place a family consisting of a mother, a sick father and three children was found living without a stove. The children had been running to the neighbors to get warm and then back home to stay as long as they could stand the cold. Clothing and food were lacking. This family was made comfortable, the children placed in school. Another case was that of a family of five children, three of whom were little girls, with one dress which they each wore to school, turn about. These children were also comfortably clothed for school.

In most cases reported the mothers showed a willingness to accept and make over clothing in order to get their children in school. The good people have responded generously to the call for clothing but it is put out almost as fast as it comes in and much more is needed. Anyone having clothing to spare will help a worthy cause by bringing it to headquarters on Thursday afternoon. Some of the members of the board will be present to receive it.

Send the clothing clean with the name of the donor on the bundle.
Board of Public Charities.

Want Ads. in the Republican get Results

B. & O. S-W.

THE MOST DIRECT LINE TO WASHINGTON, D. C., BALTIMORE, MD., PHILADELPHIA, PA., AND NEW YORK. THREE EXCELLENT TRAINS EVERY DAY, ELECTRIC LIGHTED SLEEPING CARS, ELECTRIC LIGHTED DINING CARS. A LA CARTE SERVICE. LIBERAL STOP OVER PRIVILEGES ENROUTE.

ALSO

THE MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO THE WEST, MAKING DIRECT CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS OUT OF UNION STATION AT ST. LOUIS.

FOR RATES, TIME OF TRAINS, SLEEPING CAR RESERVATIONS, CALL AT B. & O. TICKET OFFICE OR ADDRESS

E. MASSMAN, Agent.
W. P. TOWNSEND,
D. P. A., Vincennes, Ind.

SENATE PLAN

Would Make Jackson Part of Third Congressional District.

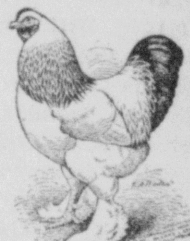
The congressional apportionment committee of the senate has prepared a plan for redistricting the state. According to the plan this district would come to the third and would be composed of Crawford, Harrison, Floyd, Clark, Washington, Orange, Scott, Jefferson, Jennings, Jackson, Bartholomew and Decatur counties.



DON'T GO TO SLEEP
over the coal question. Keep putting off ordering and the first thing you know you'll be without any when you need it most. If you are too busy to stop in, call us up and tell us how many tons of our good, clean coal to send you. Do it now before you forget it again.

Raymond City Coal per ton \$4.00
Ebner Ice and Cold Storage Co.
Phone No. 4.

THE Light Brahma



Is the best general purpose chicken; especially adapted for town lots and confined situations. Don't fly over a two or three foot fence. Are productive and hardy. Eggs for sale. If interested ask for prices.

Platter & Co.

Seymour, Ind.



WE ARE IN BETTER SHAPE

to quote low prices on high grade mill work than ever before. We can furnish everything you need in this line, both regular and special, can furnish it promptly and at the right prices.

SEYMOUR PLANING MILL CO.
419 S. Chestnut St.

Phone Us

Your orders for Spring delivery for California privet

Seymour Greenhouses
Phone 58

DR. G. W. FARVER,

Practice Limited to

DISEASES OF THE EYE.

Room 2 Andrews-Schwenk Block,

SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

Office Hours: 8-12 a. m. 1-5, 7-8 p. m.

GLASSES FITTED.

FOR SALE.

Two cottages, 4 rooms each. Good rentals. Pay 10 per cent. Two for \$1,500.00 cash. See E. C. Bollinger at once. Phone, residence 5; office 186.

CONGDON & DURHAM,

Fire, Tornado, Liability,

Accident and Sick Benefit

INSURANCE

Real Estate, Rental Agency

Prompt Attention to All Business

Fire, Lightning, Tornado and Automobile

Insurance

Phone 244

G. L. HANCOCK, Agt.

SEYMOUR, IND.

Boys' Waists

We have just received a splendid line of Boys' Waists with or without collars. Styles and workmanship the very best. White and colored.

Price 50c.

THE
H
U
B

Valentines

—AT—
T. R. CARTER'S

Classified Advertisements.

LOST.—Bunch of keys. One Yale key marked 16877. Bring to this office and receive reward.

AGENTS WANTED—Wanted 6 men and women in Seymour to distribute sample of the "Needit" from house to house, no canvassing or soliciting, nothing to sell, pays \$40 weekly, no experience required. Most wonderful plan ever offered. Write immediately for free sample of the "Needit" and full particulars. Needit Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED —Harnessmakers, good wages, steady employment.
HARBISON & GATHRIGHT,
47d Louisville, Ky.

WANTED—Girl at the New Lynn. dtf

FOR SALE—Cheap, seven-room house, 527 E. Fifth street. f8d

FOR SALE OR TRADE—If you want to sell or trade anything, a want ad in this paper and 99 others in Indiana, Illinois and Ohio will find your party. It will only cost you \$2.50 per line of 6 words, write us for list of papers. Austill Advertising Syndicate, Elwood, Indiana.

FOR SALE—New five room house, well located. Inquire here. f8d

FOR RENT—Two cottages on Tipton street between Walnut and Poplar. f8d

Seymour Temperatures.

The following are the maximum and minimum temperatures as shown by the government thermometers at the Seymour volunteer weather observation station and reported by J. Robt. Blair, observer. The figures are for twenty-four hours ending at noon:

	Max.	Min.
February 7, 1911	40	26

Weather Indications.

Unsettled weather. Rain or snow tonight or Wednesday.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher.*

NEW TIN SHOP

I have opened a tin shop at 121-123 South Chestnut St. in the rear of Willman's Furniture Store, where I am prepared to do all kinds of slate and metal roofing, guttering, spouting and also general repairing. I solicit your patronage.

J. Herman Pollert
Phone 35.

Wanted

To buy one hundred barrels of sun dried apples.

MAYES' CASH GROCERY

Phone 688. All Goods Delivered.

About Completed.

Work on the McDonald ditch in Vernon township is about completed. John C. Bedell is the contractor. The contract price was \$1630 and of this amount \$1175 has been worked out by parties who were assessed. W. G. Durham, superintendent of construction, is now working on a report showing the amount they are credited with on their assessments.

Henry Smith, of Sulphur Springs, was in the city this morning on business. He states that his loss because of the fire which destroyed his smoke house recently will be about \$250. The building caught fire while he was smoking some meat.

Quaker Honesty

Every time you place a finger on any one of the Nyal remedies you have touched something good. They are reliable remedies made with scrupulous care and Quaker honesty. Nyal's Hirsutone has won a crown of fame as a hair dressing and tonic. Nyal's Cream is as indispensable as Sylvan Soap, and is used as a skin cream in more than 500 homes in Seymour. February frosts and March winds lose their terrors when this cream is used. Call and learn more about Nyal, and take a whiff of Blue Lily perfume, something exquisitely fine.

Cox Pharmacy

Fire and Tornado Insurance

Accident, Health, Sick Benefit Insurance

EDW. HARTMAN

Phone 345. 417 E. 2nd St., Seymour

Keep your time piece right during 1911. Our specialty is caring for watches. If they do not run correctly bring them here. **J. G. LAUPUS, The Jeweler.** Examiner of watches for B. & O. R. R.

The Boodler and the Voodoo

True Story of the Secret Service

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY
Former Chief United States Secret Service

HAVE found from experience that men of massive mentalities and lofty ideas are frequently lacking in intuitive faculties. In their efforts to reach something at the top they fail to see the undermining hand at the base.

The little secluded town of Groton, Mass., was the home of Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, President Grant's first secretary of the treasury, an educated man of sentiment and elegance and Puritanical in his ways. He was possessed of a fair knowledge of politics and finance and was systematic and successful in the management of the treasury department. While in Washington he mixed little with the politicians. He was shy in his manner and abstemious in his living. His favorite diet was bread and milk. He used neither tobacco nor intoxicants. Like other great men with whom I came in contact he was unsuspicious and almost wholly without cunning. He favored reform rather than punishment for rogues. As an evidence of his obliquity of vision and lack of penetration when called upon to face the sharpers ever hovering about the national capital, I will relate a couple of incidents.

On a day when I was busily engaged in my office in the treasury department a messenger hurried in and informed me that the secretary wanted to see me at once. Entering a side room next to Mr. Boutwell's main office, I was by him introduced to two flashily dressed gentlemen who said they had come all the way from Philadelphia to see the secretary and inform him of an astounding counterfeit conspiracy that might shake the nation to its foundation. The gentlemen were city detectives and rather sporty appearing chaps. In their bearing there was an air of self-sufficiency and a know-all-about-it that was quite impressive to the mind of a "green one."

Their story in substance was that while engaged in exploiting the dastardly deeds of criminals they had made a chance discovery that was of tremendous importance to the United States government. For a price they were anxious to assist in capturing the rogues. They were deeply entangled in several mysterious cases at home, but had torn themselves away from their duty long enough to slip slyly over to the nation's capital for the purpose of acquainting the secretary with a dangerous counterfeiting scheme.

The startling story told by the sleuths bore the appearance of truth. The secretary was deeply impressed and appeared worried and greatly disturbed as he handed me the face and back of a five-dollar treasury note printed on separate pieces of paper. He instructed me to investigate at once. My eyesight at this time was remarkably good. I could easily trace the fine eccentric lines upon a note without the use of a magnifying glass. After carefully examining the specimens handed me and comparing them with a good note of the same denomination, I was unable to discover the slightest difference, and I told the secretary that I thought they were genuine. If this was so, in what manner could they have been obtained? It would require collusion on the part of a number of persons in the printing bureau to secure them, as the face and back of these notes were printed at different times by different persons, and besides the work was being done under the watchful eyes of trusted officials. If the face and back of these notes were counterfeit they were very dangerous, as they seemed a perfect facsimile of the genuine. The two detectives carried with them an air of great mystery. They professed to be unable to explain anything, but they were of the opinion that the counterfeiters had somehow obtained duplicates of the government plates upon which its notes were printed.

Mr. Boutwell was deeply interested. To him it was an affair of great mystery. To more fully impress the secretary with the importance of the case the Philadelphia sleuths came out boldly and declared that any amount of that kind of money could be bought at fifty cents on the dollar. This was a clincher. I now saw that I was up against a puzzling case. I was silenced, although not fully convinced, in regard to the character of the prints. It made little difference to me. I was sure it was some kind of a trick, but an investigation was necessary. It would not do to allow the impressions to be examined by the chief of the printing bureau, as it was possible there was something crooked among his employees. It was decided that I should go to Philadelphia on the following day. There I was to be met by the two detectives and introduced to a broker who was a go-between. I was to rig myself out in the proper dress and play the part of a cattle man from Texas. I chose to locate myself at Brownsville. Reaching out from this point I was engaged in buying cattle and was not particular where they came from. They might

have been smuggled in across the Rio Grande. I was familiar with that part of the country and could easily pass myself off as a resident of that section. Mr. Boutwell wrote me an order on Treasurer Spinner for the sum of five thousand dollars. This was done in the presence of the two detectives. It was understood that the counterfeiters would not make a deal of less than ten thousand dollars of their money. For this they were to be paid five thousand dollars in good money. While the detectives insisted that the counterfeit would pass just as readily as the genuine, they could not explain why it was being offered at fifty cents on the dollar. The two detectives returned to Philadelphia and I agreed to meet them there on the following day.

That afternoon I chanced to step into the office of Mr. William A. Richardson, at that time assistant secretary of the treasury. He was a lawyer of marked ability. I told him confidentially about the suspected counterfeiting and of the five thousand dollar order given me by Mr. Boutwell.

"This won't do," said he. "The secretary has no authority to draw on General Spinner. You had better take the order back and explain to Mr. Boutwell that his action in this matter is unlawful."

Acting upon the advice of the assistant secretary, I returned the order to Mr. Boutwell, and he was greatly pleased when I told him that I had concluded to take a bundle of counter-

down and put it in the hotel safe. The young man's eyes fairly watered as he glanced at the package. He did not for a moment doubt my sincerity, and of course he believed I did not suspect him. It was agreed that I should think the matter over. He was to call the next day after I had been afforded an opportunity to inquire in regard to the bills I had purchased of him. The next time he came to the hotel I, although still a little suspicious, had made up my mind to chance the deal. He wrote out the directions. I was to meet him at the lower door of an upstairs office on a certain street. We were then to step into an open stairway near the place of meeting and make the exchange. I was to take his package of bogus stuff and he to receive my good money. He urged me for some time to go out into the suburbs to make the deal, but this I flatly refused. Everything was to be on the dead square. The young man swore he was perfectly reliable, but he had to be cautious in his movements in order to prevent the possibility of detection.

I went to the place agreed upon and stood on a step facing the street. When the pretended counterfeiter put in an appearance he carried under his coat a sizable bundle nicely done up. My package was smaller than his and just as valuable. I questioned his good intentions for a moment and said I had come there to make a square deal and I wanted to see what he had in his package, which was so arranged



I WAS MET BY THE TWO DETECTIVES AND THE BROKER

I SUDDENLY DREW MY REVOLVER

I QUICKLY PLACED MY FINGER ON THE TIP OF HIS NOSE

felt money instead. He smiled when I said "I felt sure the two detectives did not know counterfeit money when they saw it."

I took from the safe of the secret service division a package containing five thousand dollars in counterfeit money. It was mostly in one hundred dollar bills, a very clever imitation to the unpracticed eye.

When I reached Philadelphia on the following day I took a room at the Lafayette hotel. Here I was met by the two detectives and a white-haired broker, an Englishman. To him I was introduced as a cattle dealer. After a long talk with him and many expressions of fear on my part, I was induced to chance a deal with the alleged counterfeiter. The old broker sized me up. He saw that I was very timid and that I stood in fear of being arrested in case I was caught by the detectives. He talked a great deal and was at last successful in allaying my fears. I insisted upon meeting the counterfeiter at the hotel before making the deal. On the same evening I was visited by a tall, well dressed young man about twenty-five years of age. He was a right smart chap and understood his business exceedingly well, but in his great anxiety to do me, he evidently overlooked the possibility that I might be doing him. He angled to catch me for a long time before I would take the bait held out. I was fearful of being caught with counterfeit money on my person. He was very much in earnest and grew excited. To convince me and make sure of his victim, he took from his pocket ten new, crisp five-dollar treasury notes. They were genuine. "Look at this," said he; "there's a sample of the stuff. It will go in any bank. Just take it and keep it for twenty-five dollars. You have a chance to try it at the bank."

I took the ten notes and handed him twenty-five dollars in good money. I opened my traveling bag and took out the package of one hundred dollar bills, remarking that I would take it

that he could throw open one corner of it. When he did this I saw something that looked like money. I suddenly stepped up a stair and drew my revolver.

"You are my prisoner, sir. I am the chief of the United States secret service."

The fellow showed great disappointment by the sudden turn of affairs. At first he turned slightly pale, but finally smiled and said: "Look here, the government can't hurt me. I was only trying to boodle you. Put up your revolver and I will go with you peacefully."

He went with me to my room in the hotel where I had first learned the particulars of the origin of the boodle game, which was successfully played for years afterwards under different names. It finally grew into what was known as the green goods game. The man I had arrested was Andrew J. Wightman, and about the smoothest confidence man that ever came to the front in this country. He was a sharper of no mean legal ability and was able to walk along upon the outer verge of the precipice of crime without tumbling over it. He was the originator of the boodle game. The precious package with which he expected to get five thousand dollars in good money from me was nothing more than strips of white paper cut to resemble bank notes in size. There was a good five dollar greenback so arranged at the top of the package as to catch the eye of the greedy speculator.

My revolver was a powerful argument with him. He wasn't one of the shooting kind. He was there to get possession of the green one's good money, pass upstairs and down and out on the opposite side of the building. It was a place well chosen to carry out a swindle of this kind.

The two detectives, although familiar with the scheme, had concluded that it was much safer and more profitable to them to sell information

to the government than to cope with the situation themselves.

For the purpose of convincing the secretary of the treasury that there was a dangerous counterfeit afloat, they had secured from Wightman the back and face of a five-dollar greenback. These had been split from one note and pasted upon paper to make them about the same thickness as the genuine money. It was a skillful piece of work and difficult to detect, but it was easily done by experts. The paper upon which the treasury notes were printed at that time did not contain the localized and distributive fibre which would prevent it from being split. Before the fiber paper was invented the paper upon which the government notes were printed could easily be soaked apart and nicely pasted to other fine sheets of paper. It was very deceptive and difficult to detect.

Mr. Boutwell was greatly disturbed. It was a serious affair to his mind, and he might have been induced to pay a large reward had the scheme not been exploded.

The following is another illustration of the secretary's simplicity.

While at my New York office I one day received a telegram from Mr. Boutwell summoning me hastily to Washington. When I arrived at the secretary's office, in the treasury department, he took me into a private room where he informed me of a contemplated robbery. He said he had learned through a reliable source that plans had been made by a gang of burglars to rob General Spinner's cash division, and that the watchman on duty at night were in the conspiracy. He had telegraphed for me for the purpose of forestalling the thieves. To my mind the story told by the secretary was a fallacy. It sounded like a romance. I knew that a robbery of this kind was quite impossible, but the secretary was so much in earnest that I was almost afraid to give him my real opinion in regard to the affair.

I saw that some sort of an investigation was necessary to put his mind at ease. Hence I telegraphed several detectives to meet me in Washington. Mr. Boutwell sent a messenger to bring the man who had furnished the information. He was to go to my room in the Owen house. After a lapse of time he came. As he entered he took off his hat, I saw at once that the man was lacking in self confidence and that he was either an ex-convict or a menial of some kind. I shook hands with him.

Assuming a look of benevolence I looked him over carefully. He was a tall, thin man, slightly stooped and with a dull white skin. His protruding eyes were very bright and expressionless. I gently turned his face to the window and sized him up. I was quite sure his spirit had been broken and that he was a fraud, yet I was uncertain as to the best manner of handling him.

"I have met you somewhere before," I said.

He raised his eyes timidly. My remark seemed to rattle him.

"Where were you born?" I inquired. In a faltering voice he answered, "In Columbia, South Carolina."

It flashed across my mind at once that the fellow was of negro blood. Looking him straight in the eye, I quickly placed my finger on the tip of his nose. He shrank back a little but did not appear to be offended. I then said:

"What was your master's name down there?"

I thought to impress him with the idea that I was familiar with the locality from which he came. He gave me the name of his former master in a hesitating way. I told him to take a seat and tell his story. It was fiction, undoubtedly the result of a dream. His version of the manner in which he discovered the contemplated robbery was so improbable that it is not worth relating in detail. I questioned and cornered him until I was sure that his story was a transparent concoction of a weak but criminal mind. It would do in a dime novel or to deceive some credulous person.

He was a dreamer, a sort of voodoo. I had had some experience with this class of negroes in the south. As many persons may not be aware of the fact, I will state that the pad on the end of the nose was the supreme test of pedigree among the negro traders of the south in slave days. The gristle on the tip of the nose of the negro is soft and yielding, while that of a white man is firm, giving the feeling of a bony substance. When all other tests failed in discovering African blood, the trader would place his finger on the end of the nose of the person on trial for his liberty. If the pad was yielding the witness would turn to the recorder and say, "This fellow, sah, is a nigger."

The voodoo negro pretends to be endowed with supernatural power. As vice regent of the devil he conjures up strange tales for those who put their faith in amulets, rabbit's feet, etc.

The negro that I met at the Owen house had, I suppose, been inspired by his evil genius to concoct the plausible story he told Mr. Boutwell. It was now after hours and I went to Mr. Boutwell's residence and told him my experience with the negro.

He was greatly astonished when he learned the character of the man. He said he thought he was a white man and a very fair and candid one at that. When I pointed out the utter inconsistency of the story told and the impossibility of burglarizing General Spinner's cash division, the secretary was satisfied and quite willing to drop the subject. It is unnecessary to say that the burglary did not take place.

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ONLY ABOUT COLLAR BUTTON

Spaniards Become So Excited and Angry Over Every Small Topic of Conversation.

Two Spaniards were conversing earnestly, then excitedly, at last angrily. The young American woman who passed them looked with frightened eyes toward her Spanish guide. "What are they talking about, Señor Jose?" she asked timidly. "Do you think they will fight—or, maybe kill?" "Ah, no, Señorita Marie," replied Jose, smiling and showing his pretty teeth. "One man—that one, you see, Señorita, with the long mustachios—he is saying: 'Me, I prefer much the collar button which is steel,' and the other one—look, Señorita—he is running his fingers through his hair now, and his sombrero has a gold cord—he is saying: 'Ah, no, Señor, the button which is of gold—sí, Señor, that is the button for me.'"

"But as for myself, Señorita—the bone collar button—that I prefer above all the others."

"Do I not speak with good sense, Señorita? Listen. If the button is of steel, it will cut; if it is of gold, one cannot afford to lose it; but if it is of bone—it does not cut, and if it goes, what matter? I have a dozen at home in my little top drawer."

"You speak with great sense, Don Jose, but tell me—were the men really angry?"

"Oh, not at all, Señorita; it is only our southern way of being interested in what we discuss. If it had been two Germans, Señorita, or maybe two Englishmen, you would never have noticed them."

WHAT MISS LIBERTY SAID

Verbatim Report of Her Protest Against the Flying Machine That Whirled Around Her Head.

"These queer flying machines make me so nervous," said Miss Liberty, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I don't like 'em. They haven't any right to be whirling and chugging around a lady."

"I may be French, but my standing in this community has never been impeached."

"The other day three of these impudent things came whirling around my head, one after the other. If I hadn't been busy holding up my torch I might have done something I'd be sorry for. Really, I never saw such a reckless disregard for common politeness. When the first of the sassy things came toward me I just closed my eyes and shivered. How did I know he wouldn't stuff the nose of his flying contrivance into my ear?"

"I may be bronze, but I won't tolerate any familiarities."

"And there's another thing. I strongly object to being made the maypole in any foolish cloud dance. Why don't they use the Metropolitan building for a center shaft? I don't want the honor—this is sarcastic—and, what's more, I will not permit any sporting gentlemen to run rings around me."

"No, indeed! Liberty isn't license. So there, now!"

Founding of the Red Cross.

The world owes a vast debt of gratitude to the aged Henri Dunant, founder of the Red Cross. M. Dunant acted as a volunteer nurse at the battle of Solferino in 1859, and his description of the awful sufferings of the wounded on that occasion, published under the title of "Un Souvenir de Solferino," caused a profound stir throughout Europe. The Geneva Society for Public Utility invited M. Dunant to propose a scheme for the relief of the miseries of the fallen in wartime. He responded by proposing that corps of trained nurses should be established in every country, and that a system of neutrality between warring nations should be instituted whereby those engaged in tending the sick and wounded should be protected by wearing a distinctive badge. The direct result was the summoning of an international conference and the signature of the famous Geneva convention in August, 1864, whereby the neutrality of doctors and nurses in wartime was established. The Red Cross on the white ground—the Swiss flag—was adopted as the badge of neutrality out of compliment to the country of Dunant's birth.—London Chronicle.

The Right Spirit.

"A painter," said Robert Henri, in one of his luminous addresses in New York on art, "should have something of Constable's feeling."

"I hear you sell all your pictures?" said Constable to a younger artist.

"Why, yes," was the reply. "I'm pretty fortunate that way. Don't you sell all yours?"

"No," said Constable. "I don't sell any of them, and I'll tell you why. When I paint a bad picture, I don't like to part with it, and when I paint a good one, I like to keep it."

No Tragedy Sitting Down.

The queen of Prussia received me on the tragic note. At last to shift the ground I asked her to sit down. There is nothing that cuts into a tragic scene better, for when people are seated it becomes a comedy.—Napoleon (Quoted from the "Corsican").

Blissful Ignorance.

"Were you nervous when you proposed to your wife?" asked the sentimental person.

"No," replied Mr. Meekton; "but if I could have foreseen the next ten years I would have been."

ODD GRAFTING EXPERIMENTS

Prolific Result of the Union of Tomato With Egg Plant and Red Pepper.

A Michigan gardener has been grafting tomatoes on to egg plants and red peppers. He began his experiments in 1898, and named his first achievement—Crimson Cushion tomato grafted on to an egg plant—the Kaiser. He then went further and grafted a Trophy tomato on to an egg plant, naming the resulting tomato the Roosevelt.

The ingenious gardener, however, made a mistake in using that name so early in the game. For soon another inspiration came to him, and he grafted the Kaiser tomato on to a red pepper. Here, indeed, was a combination vegetable really worthy the name of Roosevelt. But, owing to his unfortunate precipitation in the use of that cognomen, he was obliged to fall back on the feeble substitute, Triple Alliance.

Both the Kaiser and the Roosevelt tomatoes responded with alacrity to this particular form of graft. The Kaiser often produces fruit weighing one and a half to two pounds, and will yield a bushel to the plant on suitable soil. The Roosevelt yields quite as heavily.

Both are pleasing in shape and color, have a fine flavor and solid flesh, and even in the largest specimens there is no waste. They are excellent for all cooking purposes; e. g., canning, catsup, jelly, etc., since they are not watery, and contain few seeds.

They are admirable for eating raw, since they lack the acid taste of ordinary tomatoes and are remarkably mild. Also they retain their juice after being cut. They ship well. In short, so far as known, these are superior to any tomatoes in existence.

The gardener believes that he has succeeded in introducing the blood of eggplants into tomatoes, and thinks that the eggplant is responsible for the great size of the new fruits, their mild flavor, solid flesh and deep red color.—Country Life in America.

HE DOESN'T LIKE HOLIDAYS

Methodical Man Says They Interfere With His Work and the Routine at Home.

"I don't like holidays," said the methodical man; "they interfere with my work. I recognize fully the fact that days off, days of abstinence from labor, are necessary for our bodily and mental welfare and I take a day off weekly, my day being Sunday, but for many years I have worked on every other day in the week regardless of holidays. Anything that breaks in on me in this observance is disturbing."

"To begin with, we get up and have breakfast an hour later than usual. There's an hour lost for me. And then on holidays we have dinner in the middle of the day, this being a further disruption of our usual routine, and then who can work after a hearty mid-day holiday dinner? And then, besides, the whole atmosphere of the day is changed."

"So I am glad to have the day over and to get back to work in my systematic, orderly, methodical way. It is in work in my regular, accustomed manner that I find my great pleasure, with my regularly recurring day of rest on Sunday. Even after that day I am glad to take up work again, and I have no use at all for holidays."

French Fashions in Danger.

Is Paris losing the lead in feminine fashions? The alarm is given by the French chamber of commerce in Milan. It seems that Milanese ladies are no longer enticed to buy by the notice, "Latest Paris models." Paris no longer leads. The first place is being taken, of all capitals in the world, by Berlin! The chamber of commerce in question calls upon the Rue de la Paix to bestir itself lest it be beaten by the Linden. In the meanwhile, the Rue de la Paix, at this precise time crowded with American buyers come over to pay enormous sums for the models of next winter, if not already of next spring, seems unperturbed by the warning received from the French trade in Milan. At all events, the idea that Berlin should ever oust Paris is one met with derision. It will also be, at least, doubted politely even by the Jayman, if he has lived in Berlin. At the present moment why do the ladies all over the world tie their skirts round their ankles? Because it was the Parisienne who first shackled herself. If a Berlin dressmaker had first thought of the trameeled skirt, would the Parisienne ever have worn it?—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

Individuality in Musicians.

The musical performer has a two-fold duty to the music; he must supplement and must not contradict. Supplement because no composer can indicate on paper more than the mere shell of the music, but, also, never imagine anything that the composer might have indicated, but did not. Might not this train of thought be perhaps carried further? It seems arguable that it applies not only to rhythmical problems, but to the whole field of musical interpretation.—London Times.

Not Always.

"Artists are generally temperamental."

"Yet I know one who is as cold and calm as a clam."

"I know another of that type, too, yet he is always making scenes."

"How is that?"

"He paints 'em for theaters."

FOR USE OF FARMER

Agricultural Department Prints
Stacks of Documents.

Over 25,000,000 Copies of Publications
Disseminating Information to
Farmers Now Being Distrib-
uted Annually.

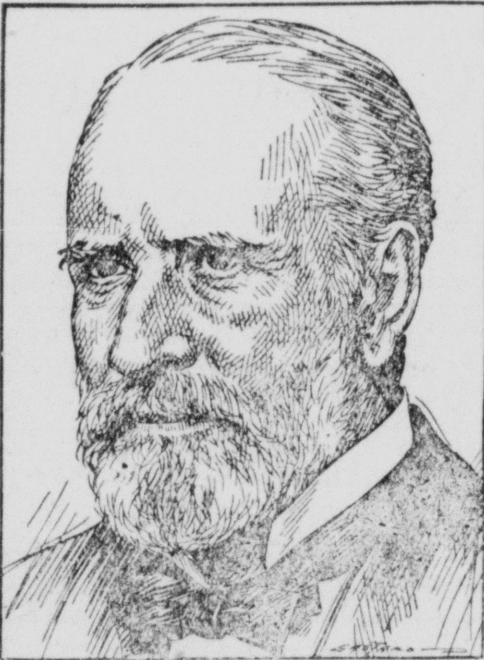
Washington.—No other government publishes as many public documents as the United States, and no other executive department of the government issues as many publications as the department of agriculture. It is the function of this department to acquire and disseminate useful information in regard to agriculture. If James Wilson, who has been secretary of the department under three presidents, has been a remarkable success, it is because he has called to his assistance the best experts money can hire. These employees are now turning out documents relating to every subject in which a farmer could possibly be interested.

Within recent years the department has not been able to obtain an appropriation sufficient for printing enough documents to supply the demand. The legislative body has, in a way, solved the problem by authorizing the sale of government publications at a normal price. Under the operation of a provision of the law the superintendent of documents may reprint and sell any publication, so long as there is a demand for it without any expense to the department. Consequently, by paying a nominal price, applicants are able to obtain documents which can no longer be obtained free from the department, and which would not otherwise be available, owing to the insufficiency of the department's fund for printing additional copies.

Scope of Publications.

The department is now printing and distributing more than 25,000,000 copies of documents annually. These represent nearly 2,000 different publications. Of the more than 25,000,000 copies of publications distributed during the last year, 9,337,500 were farmers' bulletins, and 15,852,969 were miscellaneous publications, including reports, bulletins, circulars, etc. Of these miscellaneous publications 14,770,819 were new and 1,082,150 were earlier publications reissued. Of the farmers' bulletins 2,915,000 were new and 6,422,500 were reprints.

The demand for the farmers' bulletins increases from year to year. The 9,000,000 copies of such bulletins put out during the last year cost the government a copy 1 1/3 cents, as compared with 1 3/5 cents for the preceding year. The farmers' bulletin series known as experimental station work contains 57 numbers, each number comprising from six to a dozen short, condensed summaries of work done in one or more of the state agri-



James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture.

cultural experimental stations, and they form a library on approximately 500 subjects of interest to agriculturists presented in a comprehensive way. During recent years this series has increased in popularity.

Not "Popular" Reading.

The sales of publications of the department show a steady growth. The number of documents sold during the last year was 147,327, an increase of 20,109 over the previous year, and the amount received was \$18,398.18, an increase of \$2,105.08. The average price a document was about 12 1/2 cents, a decrease of 1 1/2 cents. The work of the department for 48 years, or from the passage of the organic act, was represented in the publications sold.

It is not the documents that might be called "popular reading matter" that always have the largest sale. For instance, the greatest number of any publication sold during the last year was 6,083 copies of a bulletin issued by the bureau of animal industry on the "Need of Controlling and Standardizing the Manufacture of Veterinary Tetanus Antitoxin." The largest income from one publication was, as in the previous year, from the sale of 1,814 copies of the special report on the diseases of the horse, at 65 cents a copy. The cost of living created a demand for 4,225 copies of a bulletin on "The Economical Use of Meat in the Home." Be it understood that these copies that were sold represented a demand that could not be taken care of in the free distribution authorized by congress.

WILEY IS TO WED.

Dr. Harvey Washington Wiley, pure food expert and rampant foe of the near-lamb chop and the almost chocolate drop, conservator of the national digestion and chief exponent of the

we-must-have-pure-food-to-be-happy cult, is going to be married.

For sixty-six long years Dr. Wiley has made honest and indefatigable efforts to obtain a square meal of absolutely pure food, properly divested of germs and microbes, and served to suit the palate of a savant formidably armed with the knowledge of the deviously overtaking ways of the wiggling bacteria and the horrific antimaculature.

Now he has turned to another tack. Deserting the cafes and restaurants of his bachelor days, Dr. Wiley is about to set up an establishment of his own—an establishment conducted on a



DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

plan that a national bureau of health would find just the proper expression of culinary perfection.

As a factory of appetizing and nourishing eats, the new menage Dr. Wiley has in mind will be the envy of the community. The woman who is not afraid to tackle the stupendous task of catering for the erudite and earnest chief of the United States bureau of chemistry is Miss Anna C. Kelton, daughter of the late General Kelton, U. S. A., and in her own right a woman of mentality and poise.

Miss Kelton, who is tall and fair, with fine eyes and charming manners, is an out-and-out suffragist. President of the Elizabeth Cady Stanton Suffrage Club, an organization auxiliary to the national association, Miss Kelton has a forward place in suffrage councils. For several years she has been associated with the copyright division of the library of congress, and to enable herself more able to forward the woman's suffrage propaganda has for the last three years been devoting her time to the study of law.

Doctor Wiley, who is not accustomed to such things, was a bit flustered when he was asked point blank if he intended to marry. He finally admitted that that was his intention, but referred all inquiries to Mrs. Kelton, the mother of his fiancée. Doctor Wiley grew up in southern Indiana and was graduated from Hanover college.

TO PROMOTE PATRIOTISM.

The military committee of the house has under advisement an important measure which has had the approval of the senate and which, many representatives say, is deserving of favorable report to the house. It is the measure which aims, according to its title, "to promote a patriotic spirit among the citizens and youth of the United States and the encouragement of rifle practice."

The bill has the indorsement of the war department and is a practical step toward a useful end. It contemplates the appropriation of \$100,000 to cover the expense for the supply of material and instructions for carrying out the projects of the bill.

The bill is supported by indorsements from various influential sources. The National Guard association, at its recent annual convention, adopted resolutions in its behalf. The chief of the militia bureau of the war department has made it the subject of special comment in his latest report. The secretary of war, Mr. Dickinson, has referred to this encouragement of rifle practice as calculated to "give a healthy stimulus to military preparedness." Senator Root pronounced the method incorporated in the bill as "simple, direct and suited to American life and character."

Seth Low, president of the National Civic Federation, is another who joins Senator Warren, chairman of the senate military committee, and Representative Hull, chairman of the house military committee, in saying that the bill is a good one and worthy of careful consideration by congress.

The National Rifle Association of America, which is responsible for the pending bill, has taken pains to compile a memorandum showing what other countries are doing along these lines. Most of the representatives whose attention has been called to the bill say that there is no question of the importance of the encouragement of rifle practice among citizens and schoolboys in this country, where, as the secretary of war has remarked, "preparedness for war is largely based on the employment of an army or volunteers."

To Cool Ship's Magazines.

Considerable attention continues to be given to the cooling of magazines on board naval vessels. Various types of refrigerating apparatus have been examined by the ordnance experts. On the new battleships authorized at the last session of congress there will be installed six refrigerating machines, four of which will be used for cooling the magazines.

FIND BATTLE GROUND

Excavations Reveal Site of Camp
of Julius Caesar.

Alesia, in France, the Spot Where
Great Soldier Accomplished His
Unparalleled Feat of Arms—
Weapons and Coins Found.

The scene of the discoveries now attracting universal attention in France, is the curious, isolated Mount Auxois in Burgundy. Here, as is now known beyond the possibility of doubt, Julius Caesar performed his most wonderful exploit, for Mount Auxois has been proved to be the famous Alesia of the De Bello Gallico. For half a century the majority of historians have been disposed to regard Mount Auxois as probably identical with Alesia, but the question has remained open, as there were several rival claimants, particularly Alaise in Franche-Comte, and at times the controversy has waxed warm. Now, however, there can no longer be any doubt. Recent excavations have not only settled the question of site, but they have resulted in discoveries entirely unexpected and of the most interesting character. Even the name has clung to the place, in changing forms, for 2,000 years, and it may be read in that of Alise-Sainte-Reine, a little, picturesque, old town which hangs high on the shoulders of the historic mountain. At Alesia, where the conquest of Gaul was virtually completed, Caesar, with an army of scarcely 50,000 men, held 80,000 Gauls in a grip of iron, and at the same time and with precisely the same force beat off and annihilated a rescuing host of 250,000.

This feat of arms, accomplished 20 centuries ago and unparalleled in the annals of war, now rises into vivid reality for the visitor, who crumbles under his foot the very soil that was cast up by the entrenching tools of the legendaries and grasps in his hand the weapons that they and their enemies fought with—swords, lances, javelins, points, buckles, and the strange iron hooks (the stimuli of the Commentaires) which were sowed on the ground in front of the Roman works to catch the feet of the assailants. More than a thousand pieces of bronze and silver money, which must have been in the pockets of the combatants, have been found in and around the buried fosses where the fighting was fiercest. There is probably no other known battleground which makes history start into life as does this one. Standing on the height above, as in the gallery of a theater, one has the entire scene before the eye exactly as it was described by Caesar, and it is no difficult feat of imagination to see the great imperator himself, in his scarlet cloak, with bare head, hurrying across the smokeless plain amid the reverberating cheers of his men, and by the magic of his presence and his personal exertion turning defeat into victory. From that moment he was "the foremost man in all the world." And there, too, fought Mark Anthony, the Anthony of Shakespeare, winning under the master soldier's eye laurels which he was afterward to drop at Cleopatra's feet.—Garrett P. Serviss, in Harper's Weekly.

New Baseball Talk.

Irving C. Norwood is a great baseball fan, says a Washington letter, and is an expert in all the slang phrases known to followers of the game. At one of the closing games of the season played in Washington he sat next to a little old man who, perched gingerly on the edge of his seat, watched every play with breathless interest. At one stage of the game, a runner tried to steal home and was called out, although the decision was a close one. In a few moments, however, it was noticed that the catcher, after tagging the runner, had dropped the ball. During the dispute that followed among the players as to the justice of the umpire's decision, the little man leaned over to Norwood and asked in a squeaky voice: "Will you kindly inform me whether the catcher's dropping the ball vitiates the occurrence?" "Of all the baseball talk I ever heard," said Norwood afterward, "that took the cake."

A Plebeian Queen.

The wife of King Nicholas of Montenegro is the daughter of a farmer, thus making her a plebeian queen in the eyes of the other European royalities. Queen Milena is, however, an intellectual woman and will look after her queenly duties in a way that will no doubt give satisfaction to all. She is the mother of nine children, one of whom is the queen of Italy; two are wives of Russian grand dukes and one the wife of Prince Joseph of Battenberg. She is still a very beautiful woman.

At the Minstrels.

Mr. Tambo—I see dat dey r requires a license dese days to push a baby carriage.
Interlocutor—What sort of a license, Mr. Tambo?
Mr. Tambo—Why, a marriage license.—Judge.

Puffed With Pride.

"Mamma, who is 'at funny man?"
"That, my child, is a policeman."
"Why does he frow out his tummy?"
"Hush, child! He thinks that is his chest."—Judge.

RICH CALIFORNIA WOMAN
AIDS THOSE IN TROUBLE

Fashions and bridge have no attraction for Miss Fanny Bixby, the Long Beach, Cal., young woman who for two years and a half has efficiently and faithfully served as a volunteer special police officer in her town.



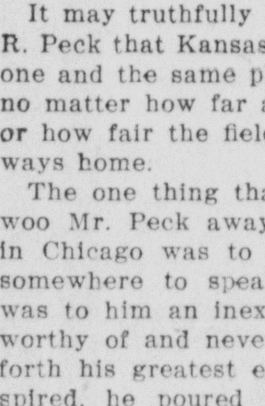
As the daughter of a rich man—her father, John Bixby, capitalist, is part owner of the Virginia hotel and a large land-owner—Miss Bixby might live a life of idle pleasure if she wished, but she prefers to give herself to human service instead. Helping wayward boys and girls out of trouble is her chosen occupation. Most of the juvenile offenders of the beach town sooner or later find their way to the plain little office in a downtown building that Miss Bixby makes her headquarters. Many a tale of sordid pathos has been sobbed out there, and there many a little sinner has met for the first time a friend who understood and did not judge.

Along the "pike" Miss Bixby is a familiar but inconspicuous figure. She is tall and athletic and her features are really beautiful, but she dresses so plainly, hardly varying from the white shirtwaist and dark skirt and plainly trimmed hat the year round, that she attracts very little notice. Usually she is accompanied by a boy or a girl—one of her charges—whose troubles she is trying to straighten out. It may be a boy of the street, a "newsie" or a bootblack; they are all her friends, and she is their chief comforter and adviser.

There is very little of the romantic or picturesque about the work Miss Bixby has chosen to do. It brings her in daily contact with the side of life the majority of people prefer not to think about. Poverty and its resultant misery and vices are disagreeable subjects. Only a pitying heart, filled with unshakable faith in the essential goodness of humanity, could carry on such work. Miss Bixby does not sentimentalize about it; she does not talk about "human uplift" or of "soul-saving." A boy or girl goes wrong, needs help, and she gives it according to the light in the teachings of Tolstoy, her only spiritual guide, and the wisdom that has come to her through experience.

MILWAUKEE ROAD COUNSEL
RETIRE AFTER 15 YEARS

Unusual interest is manifested in railroad and legal circles in the announcement that George R. Peck had resigned as general counsel for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company and would be succeeded next by Burton Hanson, who has been acting as general solicitor for the company. Mr. Peck has been general counsel for the St. Paul road since September 15, 1895.



It may truthfully be said of George R. Peck that Kansas and heaven were one and the same place to him. For, no matter how far away he might be or how fair the field, Kansas was always home.

The one thing that never failed to woo Mr. Peck away from his duties in Chicago was to invite him back somewhere to speak of Kansas. It was to him an inexhaustible subject, worthy of and never failing to bring forth his greatest effort. As one inspired, he poured forth in rounded phrase and golden words, the loving tribute of his heart.

George R. Peck moved from Wisconsin to Independence, Kan., in 1871. He was appointed United States District Attorney in 1874 and in 1879 became general solicitor for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. In 1893 his headquarters were moved to Chicago, and if ever Kansas regretted the departure of any man from its borders, it regretted the necessity which took Mr. Peck to Chicago. In 1895 Mr. Peck resigned from the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe to become general counsel for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.

Upon the death of Senator Plumb in 1892, Governor Humphrey appointed Mr. Peck United States senator, but he declined. Mrs. Peck died at San Antonio, Tex., in 1896.

In Arkansas.

The physician had taken his patient's pulse and temperature and proceeded to ask the usual questions.

"It—er—seems," said he, regarding the unfortunate with scientific interest, "that the attack of fever and the chills appear on alternate days. Do you think—is it your opinion—that they have, so to speak, decreased in violence, if I may use that word?"

The patient smiled feebly. "Doc," said he, "on fever days my head's so hot I can't think, and on ague days I shake so I can't hold an opinion."—Lippincott's.

Uncertain.

Upgarson—You are going on a journey next week without any idea where you will stop or how long you will be away? That sound crazy.

Atom—I know it; I'm going to take a trip on the water wagon.

HAVE QUEER BELIEFS

Aviators Put Faith in All Sorts
of Charms.

Charles Willard, for instance, Never
Flies Without a Rabbit's Foot
Given Him by His Sister—Says
It Brings Good Luck.

If anyone thinks that aviators do not believe in luck or omens, he should go out to aviation field and mingle with the birdmen awhile, says a writer in the Los Angeles Herald. These kings of the air are college trained men. Most of them have the pennants of Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and other universities of the east hanging on the walls of their dens at home. They are men who would scout superstition under ordinary conditions.

But flying, up to the present moment, is not ordinary, so this accounts for the exception to the rule. Some of the birdmen participating in the Los Angeles meet have queer little beliefs in the matter of luck.

For instance, Charles Willard, who recently flew from Los Angeles to Pasadena, never goes in the air unless a rabbit's foot originally tied to the end of his machine by his sister, Miss Emily Willard, is securely attached to his craft.

Willard says he would not feel safe if he went into the air without the rabbit's foot on his machine, and consequently he never goes up without it. He says he is confident as long as he keeps the rabbit's foot in sight, bad luck will be held at a safe distance.

Walter Brookins has a queer notion about things that he feels sure affect his flying luck. He regards it as distinctly an evil omen to take a second light on his cigar or cigarette. That is, he will not let one person light a cigar and hand the match to him. Nor will he let one person hold a match for him while he starts a smoke. To do this Brookins is convinced would bring bad flying luck. He attributes one fall to a violation of this rule he had laid down for himself.

Lincoln Beachy has a penchant for the number "13" and believes it gives him good luck. He always asks for this number at aviation meets, and always gets it, for other aviators shun it. He has had few mishaps in aviation, and has great faith in the lucky thirteen.

Art of Snow Shoeing.

The art of walking on snowshoes with the "spring-halt or straddle bug gait," so curious at first sight, is acquired only after a deal of practice. Moreover, experience in sports of this kind is indispensable. If you start alone, put on your shoes when the snow comes, see that the bindings are fast and that the foot works freely, and then tumble round until you are tired, which will be soon. You will learn a lot and find out some things that you will be obliged to have expert advice upon.

The best course is to begin under the tutelage of some friend who knows the game. In any case do not let another winter pass by without learning the joys of this glorious sport. If you are robust you will love it for its own sake. If you are delicate, take it easy, and you will find yourself a new woman or a new man after pumping oxygen and the ozone of the evergreens into your lungs all winter.—Edward Breck in Outing.

Held for Investigation.

Hoke Smith of Georgia believe his state crowns all others in its sense of civic and political honesty, and he tells this story to prove it: A wealthy farmer named Sneads, who, though he could neither read nor write, was elected to the Georgia legislature, was a power in politics because of his sterling honesty. When he arrived at Atlanta, he was invited to luncheon at a swell hotel by another member of the legislature. Sneads' host nonchalantly passed him the bill of fare. Sneads held it before him as if studying it intently. "Well, how does that bill look to you?" asked the host, unaware of his guest's inability to read. "Well, it may be all right," replied Sneads, slapping it down on the table; "but you don't catch me votin' for it till I know more about it!"

What is a Gentleman?

The defendant in a case before Judge Bacon, who objected to being described as a gentleman, may be commended on his refusal to be labeled with a term which even Sir James Murray is shy of defining. There is the old legal definition, "all above the rank of a yeoman," and there is Sir William Blackstone's description of a gentleman as "one who can live idly and without labor." There is also the historic definition given by a witness at the trial of Thurtell for the murder of Mr. Weare as "one who drives a gig." And the cabman probably expresses the average opinion as to what constitutes a man a gentleman when he says "You're a gentleman, sir," to the spendthrift who does not ask change for half a crown on a shilling fare.—London Chronicle.

Logical Proceeding.

"The supposed young millionaire bought an airship just before he was declared bankrupt."

"That was a perfectly natural proceeding."

"How so?"

"Most people do buy airships before they go up."

MOSLEM PRINCE IS HERE
TO INTRODUCE HIS FAITH

Americans have become so accustomed to sending missionaries to Mohammedan countries in the hope of converting the followers of the prophet to Christianity that it seems a trifle strange to them to be informed that the supreme pontiff of Islam at Constantinople has actually sent a regular missionary to this country to ascertain the prospect of introducing the Moslem faith.



ascertain the prospect of introducing the Moslem faith.

Imam Mohammed Ali, to whom this important duty has been delegated, is one of the most striking personages in the Mohammedan world. In his Islamic hierarchy he ranks as one of the great princes of the church. His title, "Imam," means that he is one of the greatest of Moslem teachers, and for many years he has occupied one of the highest positions in the Ottoman court—that of master of ceremonies at the palace of the sultan. Important as all these distinctions are, however, the fact that makes him worthy of still greater honor in the eyes of the devout Musselman is that he is a direct lineal descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, tracing his lineage back in unbroken line for more than 13 centuries, and proving himself of the same blood as the founder of the faith. It is for this reason that he wears the green silk turban, an insignia of rank that can be worn only by those who can prove beyond question that they are of the posterity of the prophet.

Mohammed Ali is the first "Imam" to set foot on American soil, so his coming is a matter of great moment to the Mohammedans of this country. At the present time there are scarcely more than 2,000 of them, and they are scattered throughout the United States.

While employed on this mission the "Imam" proposes to study the conditions in this country carefully, for the leaders in Turkish religious circles are of the opinion that the time is ripe for a Mohammedan crusade in the western hemisphere. They believe that there are plenty of persons who would be glad to welcome and become affiliated with such a movement.

Personally, the "Imam," who is not much more than 40 years of age, is the ideal type of the religious philosopher, and in many respects he closely resembles the portraits of his great ancestor, Mohammed. Like the latter, he is of medium stature, with black hair, which he wears long, and a beard that has never known the razor.

MASSACHUSETTS MAN THE
LARGEST OF LAND OWNERS

A few days ago David Pingree of Salem, Mass., bought several hundred thousand acres of the "wild lands" of Maine, thereby becoming possessor of a tract of land larger than the entire state of Rhode Island. When the ink had dried upon the deeds transferring to his possession this vast tract of land the dream of his boyhood was realized. He had become the owner of a domain far larger than the private preserves of any of the monarchs of the old world. A mysterious forest wilderness studded with scores of lakes and ponds and broken by a hundred rivulets is his. Hundreds of sportsmen beat its trackless woods every fall, for the land that David Pingree owns is the best hunting ground in the eastern part of the United States. All his vast acres are covered with lordly pines sufficient to supply the greedy maws of the larger paper mills for more than a generation. Quietly year by year he has been adding acre after acre to an unbroken domain of forest land up in Aroostook county until now he is the largest single taxpayer in the state. There are in all 694,466 inhabitants in the state of Maine, so that if he were so disposed David Pingree could give an acre of land to each man, woman and child and still have a modest farm of 73,566 acres left over.

In spite of his large possessions in land, David Pingree is the most modest of men. He spends most of his time at his office in Salem, from which he manages his real estate holdings in that city. He is always the first to arrive at the office and the last to leave. He seldom speaks of the large territory which he owns in Maine.

Piano Tuner in Siam.
Piano tuners appear to have a good time in Siam. In the recently published journal of Mme. Jottrand, the wife of the French official in Bangkok, she notes as a most important event "a visit from the gentleman who condescends to tune our piano. The arrival of this important personage, who has just landed from Singapore, is eagerly looked forward to, and so great is the demand for his services that he extorts \$10 for tuning an instrument. After leaving here he proceeds to the Siamese Malay states, and from thence to Borneo, Sarawak, the Federated Malay states, and then back to Singapore. Not a bad round for a piano tuner!"

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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OUR SIGNATURE.

Jas. D. Stier & Sons
INCORPORATED MAKERS.

UNION-HAND MADE

Fifty Years Ago Today. Feb. 7.

The Choctaw nation of Indians declared their allegiance to the southern states. Salutes in honor of Virginia's Union vote on the 4th inst. were fired in many northern states.

Twenty-five Years Ago Today.

The Chinese in Seattle were driven from the city by an uprising of citizens.

REVIVES OLD SOLDIERS' BILL

Representative Furnas to Introduce Measure Creating Commissions.

A bill creating the office of state commissioner of soldiers' claims and providing for the relief of Indiana soldiers, sailors and marines, introduced in the House two years ago, will be introduced again this week by Representative Furnas. The bill provides for an appropriation of \$2,500 for the expense of the commissioner, whose duties shall be to assist all soldiers, sailors and marines in prosecuting their claims against the government for back pay, pensions and bounties, and to visit various military homes in the state at least four times each year. Two years ago a divided report on the bill was made by the Committee on Claims.

Rev. Harley Jackson, of Seymour, passed through Bedford this forenoon on his way to Guthrie to visit the family of Grant Armstrong, whose daughter, Miss Ora, a popular and well known teacher, who has not yet recovered from an attack of typhoid fever from which she has been suffering all winter. She has never regained her strength and it is Mr. Jackson's purpose, if she is able to travel, to take her home with him and then accompany her to Indianapolis to consult a specialist.—Bedford Democrat.

Speedy Relief From Kidney Trouble.

"I had an acute attack of Bright's disease with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder," says Mrs. Cora Thorp, Jackson, Mich. "A bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy overcame the attack, reduced the inflammation, took away the pain and made the bladder action normal."

A. J. PELLENS.

We do "Printing That Pleases"

POLICE GUARD DECIES' BRIDE

George Gould Took No Chances
At Today's Affair.

THREATS HAD BEEN RECEIVED

Though Titled Bridegroom Affected to Laugh at the Incident, the Bride's Father Drew Largely on Resources of New York's "Finest" to Insure the Safety of His Daughter in the Passage From Home to Church.

New York, Feb. 7.—At 4 o'clock this afternoon the wedding of Lord Decies and Vivien Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould, took place at St. Bartholomew's church, which was taxed to its capacity, about 3,000 invitations having been sent out. There was a special musical program and the floral decorations were elaborate. The vested boy choir of St. John the Divine sang, assisted by a quartet.

While Lord Decies and his family and friends affected to think that the recent written threats of violence against him were mere foolishness, the Goulds and the police took the matter more seriously, and when Miss Gould left her home in an auto to go to the church this afternoon she was surrounded by a squad of mounted police, who allowed no one to come near the car. There were fifty men in uniform about the church and as many at the Gould home.

The Wedding Gown.

The bride wore a white satin dress embroidered with silver roses. The train, five yards and a half long, was carried by two little pages in white sailor suits and patent leather pumps, the sons of Lord Decies's brother, Marcus and Graham Beresford of Providence. The bride's wedding gown is the one in which, as Lady Decies, she will be presented at the English court.

After the ceremony there was a reception at the home at 827 Fifth avenue. It is supposed that the bride and bridegroom will go directly to Georgian Court, the Gould residence at Lakewood. This is, however, mere surmise. The place chosen for the honeymoon is naturally not announced. Lord and Lady Decies will, however, sail for Egypt on the Cunard liner Carmania. They will arrive at Alexandria about March 8 and will go direct to Cairo, where Lord Decies has many military acquaintances. Leaving Cairo, they will start on a long journey up the Nile to Luxor, Assuan and the Island Philae. Thence, if the heat permits, they will continue up the Nile as far as Wady Halfa, and there cross the desert to Khartum on the White Nile.

DOESN'T SUIT HIM

Judiciary Recall Provision of Arizona Constitution Objectionable to Taft.

Washington, Feb. 7.—There is practically no doubt here of the attitude that Mr. Taft will assume toward the new Arizona constitution if it is ratified by the people of that state on Thursday. The president's speeches on this subject, his natural habit of mind and especially his determined opposition to any measure that is designed to sap the foundations of the judiciary make it apparent that he will refuse to sign the Arizona constitution if it comes before him in its present form.

The president himself is not expressing any opinion on the constitution, because it is a matter that is to be laid before him for action and he apparently deems it improper to say anything that would interfere with a free expression of opinion by the people of Arizona.

Mr. Taft's friends, however, make no concealment of the fact that the judiciary recall provisions in the constitution is most distasteful to him and that there is no chance of the document receiving his signature with this provision in it.

May Move State Capital.

Jefferson City, Mo., Feb. 7.—Governor Hadley and many members of the legislature favor the immediate passage of an act submitting a plan to the people at an official election for the issuance of \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 bonds for rebuilding the state capitol. The capitol, which burned Sunday, was not insured. The legislature will receive propositions for the removal of the capital to St. Louis or St. Joseph.

WEATHER EVERYWHERE

Observations of United States weather bureaus taken at 8 p. m. yesterday follow:

	Temp.	Weather.
New York.....	22	Snow
Albany.....	18	Snow
Atlantic City..	34	Rain
Boston.....	20	Snow
Buffalo.....	20	Snow
Chicago.....	26	Cloudy
Indianapolis...	31	Cloudy
St. Louis.....	30	Cloudy
New Orleans...	72	Clear
Washington...	26	Rain
Philadelphia...	23	Snow

Fair; Wednesday unsettled and warmer.

RUN DOWN CONDITIONS.

Their Cause and Effect.

Run down conditions are caused by a lack of iron in the blood and malassimilation of food. If you are one of the unfortunates who have drifted into this state change your diet, eat foods that are rich in mineral elements of nutrition, and take Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic (without oil), which supplies iron to the blood in the most easily assimilated form.

A case is reported from Mattoon, Ill. Mrs. O. M. Watrons was in very poor health for years. She was weak, all run down, no appetite, and only weighed ninety-seven pounds. She had doctored for a long time without benefit. Vinol was recommended. She tried it, and in less than a year she was in perfect health and weighed 127 pounds.

Vinol creates an appetite, re-establishes perfect digestion and makes good, pure blood. In this natural manner it builds up the run-down, weak and debilitated and replaces weakness with strength.

Try a bottle of Vinol with the understanding that your money will be returned if it does not help you.

Six O'clock Dinner.

Miss Alma and Senora Sierp entertained at their home on West Laurel street at a 6 o'clock dinner Sunday evening in honor of Miss Muriel Sierp of Scottsburg and Miss Pearl Sierp of Billings, Mont. They spent the evening in playing games and taking flash light pictures. Those present were: Miss Ida Sierp, Ella Hackman, Caroline Thiele, Alma and Senora Sierp, Martha Plump, Hilda and Elwin Tormoehlen, Mary Mascher, Rosa Alwes, Muriel Sierp, Pearl Sierp, Louise and Frieda Peters, Wm. Klusman of Louisville, Ky., Henry Beckman and John Bobb of Dudleytown.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Methodist Revival

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society took charge of the 2:30 service Monday and had a very interesting meeting.

The preacher took for his theme at the night service "The Rock or Sand" and showed the many poor foundations on which people built up their lives and made a plea to build on the Rock of Ages.

The meetings will continue all this week at 2:30 and 7:30, p. m.

Backache, Rheumatism, Nervousness.

Mrs. E. T. Schulz, Fort Wayne, Ind., "For three years I have suffered with my kidneys, having such pains in my back that I could not stoop over. My kidney action was too frequent and painful, leaving a sediment. A friend recommended Foley Kidney Pills which I began taking according to directions. After a short time the pains left my back, the kidney action became perfectly normal and today I am a well woman, thanks to Foley Kidney Pills."

A. J. PELLENS.

MARRIED.

DURHAM-McGATHY.

The marriage of Mr. Emil C. Durham and Miss Minnie McGathy was solemnized about 8 o'clock Monday evening by Justice of Peace H. P. Miller.

Pneumonia Follows a Cold.

But never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar, which checks the cough and expels the cold. M. Stockwell, Hannibal, Mo., says, "I contracted cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. One bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar completely cured me."

A. J. PELLENS.

The Red Men will have a class for initiation February 17th. On the 20th the Pocahontas council will have a large class and following the work there will be a social and banquet.

Remember the Name.

Foley's Honey and Tar for all coughs and colds, for croup, bronchitis, hoarseness and for racking lagrippe coughs. No opiates. Refuse substitutes. A. J. PELLENS.

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Stock of Household Goods AND WALL PAPER

on sale at the lowest price you ever had a chance to
get in on. You understand, WE WOULD RATHER
SELL AT COST THAN TO MOVE OUR STOCK.

SAMPLE OF PRICES:

\$9.00 All Oak Dresser - -	\$6.25	\$12.00 Couch - - - -	\$9.00
\$8.00 Cotton Mattress - -	\$4.75	\$2.50 Iron Bed [4-6] - -	\$1.25
\$30.00 Davenport - - -	\$25.00	\$8.00 Dining Table - -	\$5.75
\$18.00 Library Tables - -	\$13.00	\$12.00 Kitchen Cabinet - -	\$8.75
\$22.50 China Closets - - -	\$18.50	\$30.00 Range - - - -	\$25.00
\$32.00 China Closets - -	\$27.50	\$45.00 Range - - - -	\$34.50
\$3.50 Rocker - - - -	\$2.15		

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Come early and get a good seat. You will be sorry if you miss it.

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